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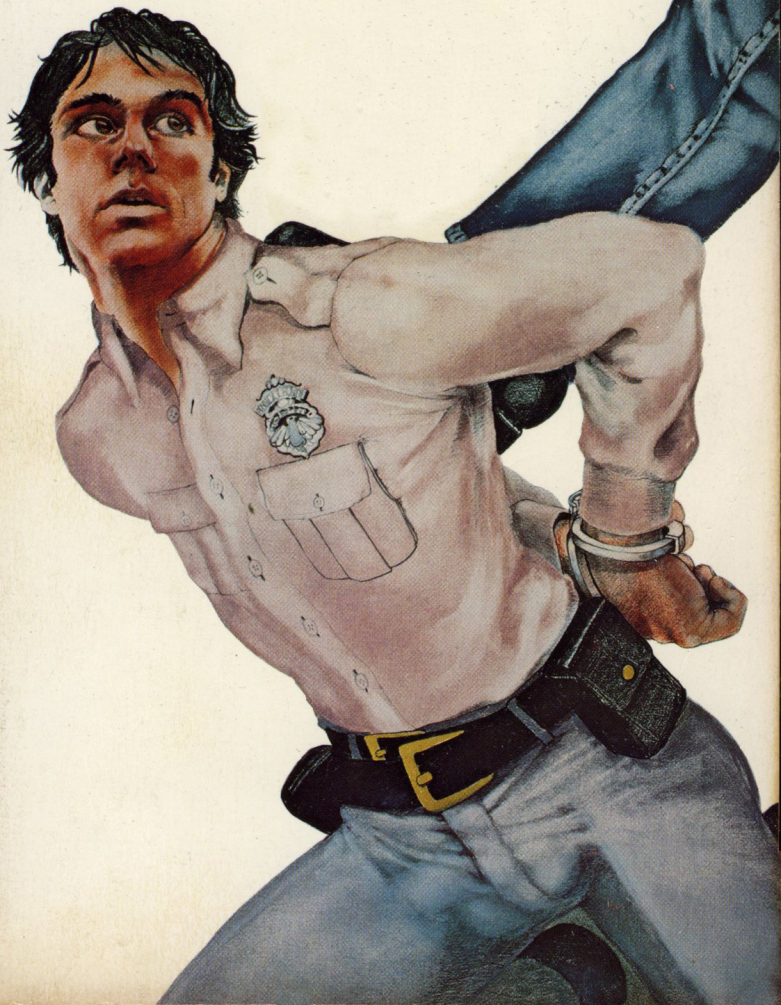
COP OUT

BY LAMBERT WILHELM



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ARENA PUBLICATIONS
12011 SHERMAN ROAD
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91605

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

For years, it was the popular misconception held by middle-Americans that all homosexuals were effeminate, limp-wristed, swish-hipped men engaged exclusively as actors, as fashion designers, or as beauticians.

However, as people become more and more cognizant of the gay subculture, they soon begin to realize that such preconceived ideas aren't really the case. There are gays so masculine in appearance that no one could possibly single them out of any crowd. And while there *are* gays involved in the world of theater, haute couture, and who work in beauty salons, they are no more relegated exclusively to the above professions than are straights to such fields as forestry, sports, fire-fighting, and police work.

Still, it isn't unusual, even in this enlightened day and age to hear some of the old fallacies bantered about.

"You can't be a jock and a queer at the same time!" "He's too much of a he-man to be a faggot!" "There's no such thing as a gay cop!"

Well, in fact, there are gay athletes. David Kopay's expose of homosexuality among football players being one well-publicized case in point. As for he-men, what of Lawrence of Arabia or Julius Caesar, each of whom performed more feats of daring in his lifetime than

many a straight could even begin to contemplate? And, yes, there are even gay policemen: rugged, masculine individuals who have no stigmatizing effeminate characteristics.

". . . I must remain in the 'closet' because of employment reasons," writes a reader in the April 1978 issue of *Blueboy* magazine. ". . . I am a New York City policeman and I don't think the city would understand."

And, the sad part is, the city probably *wouldn't* understand. There is still a certain inexplicable fear which heterosexuals have of those who differ from the long-established—and now totally archaic—norms. And, because of this existing paranoia had by straights toward gays, homosexuals in jobs like that of policeman are often required to live false lives in order to preserve their right to perform in the profession of their choice.

Some such gays are luckier than most, learning somehow to balance their necessary heterosexual charade with their other life beyond the station house. Many, though, aren't quite so lucky.

The following, then, is a novel of policemen—gay policemen. Of policemen who are, more or less, struggling for adjustment. It is the story of Mack Cortini, a cop who has mistakenly made his lie his reality. It is the story of this one man's forceful awakening to the fact that total compromise of his natural sexual inclinations, as a believed method of survival, is possibly not the most satisfactory or healthy route for any gay male to follow.

CHAPTER ONE

There was the loud crack of a damp towel being snapped against some male stud's bare ass.

"Hey, you sonofabitch! . . ." a not-too-angry voice replied, punctuating with another loud snapping.

The guys were playing grab-ass, letting off steam, relieved that the whole fucking training course was finally being wrapped up, finished, completed.

Chris Wanalkon left the shower area, successfully bypassing the small group of cutups as they continued to snap towels against steam-dampened flesh.

"One more time, and I start moving toward those stud balls of yours!" someone (possibly Terry Craine), threatened.

Chris continued down the line of lockers, finding his own. Draping his towel around his neck, he dialed the combination of the lock and opened the metal door.

Chris then took his towel and began wiping up the excess beads of liquid that he'd missed.

Chris dragged the terry cloth along his arms, over his chest, down over his belly. As he did so, he was aware of the solid flesh stretched sensuously over his muscles. If nothing else, these weeks of rugged training had put a fine edge on a physique which had been pretty much honed to perfection before Chris had even been accepted to the Police Academy.

Chris, standing close to six feet in his present naked state, had one of those bodies that, while well-delineated, still didn't look awkward in clothes. It wasn't the bulky body of a weight-lifter, but the more symmetrical lines of a gymnast.

His chest was composed of two square-shaped pectorals, divided by a deep and scalloped cleavage that fanned out at the top of Chris' washboarded belly. His ass was round, firm, and attractive. His legs, like a runner's legs, were lined with long, ropy muscles.

Chris turned to face the small mirror which was hung on the inside of the open locker door. All that was reflected back was the young man's face: damp blond hair (cut short), corn-colored eyebrows and lashes,

blue eyes, square jaw line, cleft chin, and a dimple in his left cheek (when he smiled).

Chris was a nice-looking young man—and he'd been told as much by several young ladies as well as by those girls' doting mothers. Chris had those boy-next-door looks that one was always hearing about but so very rarely saw. He looked a lot younger than he was, managing to also exude a kind of naive innocence that a kid from the farm might have managed upon reaching the city for the first time. When, in truth, Chris had been a city boy all of his life and wouldn't have fared too well if he'd been taken in cold and told to milk a cow. *And, he certainly wasn't innocent!*

"Hey, buddy!" Gabe Jackson said, catching Chris' attention as Gabe came to a stop at the adjoining locker. "Can you believe that this petty routine is about over and done with?"

"It does seem hard to believe, doesn't it?" Chris agreed, acting completely normal (an act he had long ago perfected), but still being acutely aware of the masculine appeal of Gabe Jackson's exceptional body.

Gabe was dark-complected. He had dark hair, dark eyes, skin that looked dark even without the exposure to sunshine. His chest and belly and legs were furred with dark black hair. His cock was a large and foreskin-snouted piece of tubing that had roots surrounded by a bushing of dark and curly pubic hair.

Chris had (unknown to Gabe), seen the young man jacking off one night. It had been late, and Gabe ob-

viously thought Chris (the two shared one of the Academy dormitory rooms), was long asleep. Chris still remembered the sensuous sight of Gabe's large hand pounding . . . pounding . . . pounding on the shadowy erection that was held upward to a position that was perpendicular to Gabe's belly.

Chris' own cock had gone rock hard there beneath the blankets, but Chris hadn't been able to beat it to softness. To have done so would have betrayed Chris was awake and playing voyeur.

Chris remembered how quiet Gabe had been when he'd erupted. Gabe had made very little sound, probably not wanting to wake Chris up. There had been a few breathless sighs, and Gabe's hips had arched upward. And that was all. Chris might not have even recognized Gabe's climax had occurred except that Gabe had leaned for the Kleenex box, conveniently located on the bedside stand, and had pulled out a few of the tissues to wipe up the resulting mess.

Chris shook his head to remove those particular thoughts from his mind. They were just too fucking erotic to be conjured there and then in the locker room of the Police Academy. All Chris needed was to get an erection at this late date and have *that* gossip spread like wildfire.

"There's a little celebration taking place tonight in Miller and Tailor's room, and we're invited," Gabe said, unaffectedly spending a good deal of effort to get his genitals completely free of water so as to prevent

jock rot. The fungus infection, similar to athlete's foot, had bothered a couple of the guys already; and, the announcement had been made more than once that a thorough drying was the best prevention against it. Gabe used his left hand to pull back his prepuce, momentarily exposing the brown and pulpy crown of his thick penis.

Chris looked away, feeling a definite thickening beginning within the tubes of his sizable cock. He hurriedly reached for his shorts hung inside the locker and stepped into them. If his cock was going to go hard, at least let it be concealed when it did so.

Once Chris' cock was covered, however, it made no further moves to embarrass its owner by going completely hard. Actually, Chris had somehow managed to long ago master the technique of controlling his swelling cock in locker-room situations—at least where a whole group of guys was concerned. It was only on a near one-to-one basis (like this one), that Chris sometimes found he was possibly losing his control.

"It's going to seem kind of funny leaving here, huh?" Gabe asked, having let his drying efforts abandon his cock in favor of the slicing crease that, deep and hair-lined, divided his muscled buttocks.

"Yea, isn't it?" Chris said, in the process of pulling his T-shirt down over his chest, anchoring its tail in the elastic waistband of his undershorts.

Paul Manolla edged his way by; and, Gabe gave

Chris a wide wink while simultaneously twirling up his damp towel. Gabe snapped the towel out so that its wet tip cracked loudly against Paul's bare ass.

"You fucking shit!" Paul said, immediately twirling his own towel and moving into a quick offensive.

"Eeeeeiiiii, that hurt, you fucker!" Gabe yelled, half in amusement, half in real pain.

"Damn right!" Paul said, making an attempt at towel-skin contact but failing when Gabe successfully dodged.

"Ohhhhh, but your ass is grass, and I'm the lawn mower!" Gabe said, advancing as Paul moved into a slow retreat.

Chris watched, fascinated by the way the cocks on both young men rocked back and forth, flapping against hair-covered thighs as they did so.

CHAPTER TWO

The room was dark, except for the funnel of light from the projector and the colored pictures moving on the screen.

"Perverts! Fucking, goddamn, perverts!" Mack Cortini said loudly.

Mack was completely naked, standing by the bar that divided the living room from the kitchen. He had his large left hand wrapped around a beer can sitting on the counter. He had his right hand wrapped around his beer-can-size cock.

Mack's cock was hard. It was so big in circumference that even Mack's right hand couldn't completely encircle it.

Mack's cock was seven inches long. It was deeply veined, uncut. It was a deep brown color, bordering on mahogany. Its mouth was deep, round as if drilled.

Mack's balls were big, naturally compact. They were contained in a dark, wrinkled scrotum. Mack's scrotum was covered with dark, wiry hair.

Most of Mack's body was covered with dark, lengthy hair. Thick strands bushed Mack's cock roots, grew the length of Mack's ass crease, fanned across the small of Mack's back and the flat of Mack's belly. Mack's navel was lost in the matting. His nipples, dark brown, were barely visible beneath the twisting growth.

Mack was dark-complexioned, with curly hair, cut short. He had thick black eyebrows that met above the bridge of his large nose. He had black eyes.

Mack had a barrel chest, his pectorals well-domed. He had a thick neck, large arms, muscular legs.

Mack was in pretty good shape. He liked to keep that way. As a policeman, he had an image to uphold. Nothing got him more ticked off than to see his fellow officers gone to pot. There was no excuse for letting your body go. There was a gym right at the station house if some of those bastards he worked with would just get off their rear ends. But, God, did they care if their beer bellies hung over their belts? Did they care if they hadn't been able to see their cocks in years? If

they did, they sure as hell didn't show it. It was fucking disgusting!

"Disgusting!" Mack said. He wasn't referring to his comrades back at the station. He was referring to what he was watching on the movie screen. "Goddamn fucking shits!"

As disgusting as it might have been, Mack made no move to turn off the machine. He gripped his cock harder, giving it a few masturbatory strokes. He brought the beer can to his mouth and sucked out a large draught of the slightly bitter brew.

Swallowing his beer, Mack walked over to the projector, releasing his cock long enough to turn up the volume.

". . . what I've got here for you," the black Negro buck on the screen said to the youngster hanging from chains in front of him.

"Should rip that black cock of yours out by its roots," Mack said, his voice drowning out what the chained boy had said in reply.

Mack went back to the counter, leaning against it in his previous pose. His left hand was back on his beer can. His right hand was back on his cock.

"You're going to really like it," the Negro said.

The movie audio really wasn't very good. It was kind of scratchy. It had a tendency to run either slightly ahead or behind of the actors' lip movements. The film editing wasn't much better. The whole film seemed to have a jumpy quality about it.

". . . come looking for me," the chained kid said. Whatever had come just before had been garbled beyond recognition. Not that it made any difference. The conversations in these flicks were usually inconsequential, anyway, except maybe as background. The action was the thing.

The plots, at least the ones Mack had seen, and he'd seen plenty, were all pretty much the same. Some young kid ran away from home, got picked up, got raped silly, usually ending up enjoying his misfortune. It was all pretty fucking sick. Mack never really stopped to analyze just why what he saw always gave him a hard-on. There was no way Mack was ever going to consider himself one of those dirty old men in raincoats who sat around in five-buck-a-throw gay theaters. Nor, was there any conceivable way he was going to consider himself even vaguely queer. Mack Cortini was butch, heterosexual, male stud from the word go. *If you didn't believe it, then just ask him.*

All Mack ever fucked was good old-fashioned cunt. And, he never did it any way except in the good old-fashioned missionary position. He didn't fuck female ass or mouth. He didn't pussy-dive. He didn't let any broad eat his cock or lick his ass. No matter what the guys at the station house told him about changing times, Mack didn't go in for any of that kinky shit. Mack wasn't kinky. Mack was an old-fashion American male. *Anyway, he would have beaten to a pulp anyone who even went so far as to insinuate*

otherwise.

"Quit your fucking whining!" the Negro on the screen said, his voice becoming unusually loud and scratchy for several seconds. He was working his black finger into the kid's ass hole. "This ain't anything like what you're going to be taking in a few minutes."

"Please," the kid answered, his face wrinkled in an expression of pain which was probably all acting. "Please let me go!"

The Negro wasn't going to let him go. Mack knew that. Mack would have known that even if he hadn't already seen this reel. The kid never got turned loose in these things. How could any of those fucking perverts in the theaters get their rocks off if the kid was untied and allowed to go home and live happily ever after? At five bucks a shot for admission, theater patrons expected a little action.

The kid had brown hair. He was young. Whatever hair he'd had on his body, besides that on his head, had been shaved off. He had brown eyes. He had a pug nose. He had a few freckles across the bridge of his nose. He looked tired. He looked older than he probably was. But, then, why shouldn't he look so much older? My God, Mack had seen this same kid in a couple more movies. If Mack wasn't wrong, the kid even got fist-fucked by a supposed truck driver in one of them. That would age anyone fast.

The kid's body looked the worse for wear. Mack doubted if the boy would be making any more movies,

if he hadn't already been tossed to one side. Audiences didn't like their fantasies consisting of boys who were all used up and falling to pieces. Mack had noticed that the kid even had difficulty keeping his seven-inch cock hard in this particular movie. No one wanted to pay out good money to watch a limp prick.

The Negro was another matter. Billed in the credits as Ebony Stax, the Negro buck had been around before, too. He was in good shape, though. Muscled pectorals. Ridged abdominals. Rubbery lips. Jackass cock.

Black fuzz covered the tops of the Negro's pectorals, as well as his scalloped lower belly. He looked like he trimmed the miniature Afro bushed around his massive cock roots.

"Tell me it feels good, you little bastard," the Negro was saying, twisting his finger deep up the kid's rectum. "I'm not going to stop until you tell me how much you like it."

"I like it!" the kid squealed, his face and chest flushed pink. "Jesus, I like it!"

"Yea," the Negro affirmed. He smiled. His thick lips pulled back to reveal a row of large white teeth. "Sure you do."

"You black bastard!" Mack spat. Mack's cock was leaking juices. Mack's fingers pumped to veneer his preseminal oozings over his thick cock neck.

Mack watched, completely caught up in what he was seeing. His eyes dilated with hate: hate for the nigger,

hate for the kid who was going to take black cock for the few bucks some two-bit creep had paid him to do this obscene number before the cameras.

"Ohhhhh, you bastard!" Mack said. His large fingers squeezed into his beer can, collapsing the aluminum. The black Negro was getting into position to thrust his large cock up the white kid's ass! The Negro pushed forward.

"Noooooo!" the kid on the screen was squealing. And, the Negro's cock head was the only part of the big Negro prick up his ass.

"Negro bastard!" Mack spat. His left hand clamped harder into his beer can. His right hand began a faster pumping of his cock.

"You love it, tight-ass whitie," the black man said. "Tell me how you love it."

"You're going to rip me!" the kid screamed. "You're too fucking big!"

Mack watched the screen carefully. He'd seen this next thing happen on at least five occasions. Mack still couldn't believe it.

The Negro splayed a massive hand on each of the white kid's hips. The Negro pulled back on the kid's body, simultaneously bucking his black hips forward.

In one uninterrupted motion, the Negro's twelve inches of hard, black meat drove into the white kid's anus. And, each time Mack saw it, Mack found himself trying to figure out where in the hell those inches had gone. Mack kept thinking that they should have come

sticking out the other side of the kid's body. They never did.

"Feels good," the Negro crooned. His black scrotum was bunched up against the white kid's ass cheeks.

"Ugh . . . agh . . . ugh . . . oh, oh, oh . . . I'm ripping!" the kid squealed. But, he hadn't ripped yet. And, what's more, Mack knew the kid wasn't going to rip. Mack could never really figure out just why either. How was it possible that anyone could take all of that meat up his ass without splitting right up the middle?

"Deviate! Negro pervert bastard! Fucking queer! Child molester! Rapist!" Mack chanted loudly. His right hand was beating faster. The beer can in his left hand was a mass of twisted metal.

On the screen, the camera had zoomed in for a lewd close-up of the action at the white kid's ass hole. Black cock started pulling out. It kept on coming for a seeming eternity. The focus was slightly off; but, Mack could still see the veins under the satiny black cock skin. The meat was ebony and shiny. It had obviously been slicked down with some kind of grease; even though, any shots of the actual lube-job had been absent from the film footage. Maybe an audience just got more turned on by the illusion of a dry fuck.

The black cock pushed back in. The kinky black hair on the Negro's lower belly squashed against the white kid's pale ass. There was a large pimple on the boy's right ass bun. It looked red and inflamed.

Mack's vision blurred. The hazy picture on the screen was no longer entirely to be blamed on faulty camera techniques. Mack's swelling pleasure was raging out of control. It always did about now, as he watched the pumping black cock, as he heard the animalistic grunts coming from the white kid's unseen face.

Mack beat his cock. He yanked his thick, bulky cock skin up and back over his cock neck. His gripping fingers whipped his cock pole.

Juices leaked free of Mack's cock eye. They were added to the sloppy veneering his fingers had already slicked along the length of his penis. The lubricant made it easier for Mack's jacking fist to make its move up and back, up and back along Mack's priming cock.

Mack's hips gave bucking little movements. His ass cheeks dimpled and then undimpled. His balls crawled upward within their contracting scrotal sac.

"Take it, whitie!" the Negro was commanding from the screen. "Take my foot of black cock up your tight little white ass! And love it . . . love it . . . love it!"

Mack opened his mouth. He licked his lips. He growled deep in his throat. He rolled his lower body so that his fat cock was twisting inside of his fist that pumped it.

"Please don't," the white kid was groaning. "It hurts . . . it hurts . . . Jesus, shit . . . it hurts!"

Mack's paw-like hand twisted over his cock.

"Fucking . . . shitty . . . sodomites!" Mack bellowed.

Mack's fat nuts erupted. A thick drop of white cream oozed from Mack's cock mouth. For the instant it was held cupped within Mack's cock eye, it looked like an opaque seed pearl. Then Mack's still-beating hand smeared the cream away from its nesting to be added with the other sticky juices already sopping his cock neck.

When Mack's orgasm passed, he was exhausted. He was sweating. Rivers of his perspiration could be found running between the strands of Mack's black body hair.

On weak legs, Mack walked over to the projector. With his left hand, whose palm was red from its assault on the beer can, Mack switched off the machine.

Mack very seldom watched this particular film through to its climactic finish, especially after he'd done so the first time. Mack knew the finale. The Negro pulled his fat cock out of the boy's ass and held on to it for the camera while soupy streamers of white nigger spunk blasted free to splatter the white kid's ass and back. There seemed to be a good gallon of the stuff spewed from the black man's cock. Mack was subconsciously jealous of the volume of cum the Negro managed to release from his black balls. Mack remembered having once or twice gotten more than a thimble full of semen from his own nuts. However, for years now, Mack's cream at eruption had been pitiful indeed compared to what that fucking nigger apparently had

to offer.

"Black pervert bastard!" Mack spat. He then went into the bathroom to wash up for bed.

CHAPTER THREE

Dangerous? Yes, sure as hell it was dangerous! It was dangerous in that Chris was now officially a policeman; and, this was a gay bar. Policemen, unless they were vice, simply didn't enter gay bars. Such an act would have automatically caused such a policeman to get drummed out of the force.

On the other hand, maybe Chris wanted to get found out. Like, maybe that butch number sitting at the bar, the one eyeing Chris with that come-on-out-into-the-alley-and-let-me-swing-on-your-cock look, was a

member of the vice squad. And, maybe Chris wanted that guy to arrest him, take him downtown, book him. Wouldn't the papers get a few columns full of sordid details out of that one!

The truth being that Chris wasn't all that sure—now that he was a cop—that he really wanted to be one. He had gone to the Police Academy basically for two reasons. First, he had wanted to prove that a gay could just as easily make the grade through all that bullshit thrown at him at the Academy as any straight. Two, he wanted to prove to his old man that he could do what he wanted no matter what kind of a fuss John Wanalkon put up. And now that Chris had proved both of those, here he was, Patrolman Wanalkon. Or rather, Patrolman Wanalkon in a gay bar, cruising the butch young stud at the bar.

Actually, there was no possibility that the kid checking out Chris was vice. Vice cops didn't cruise. They waited to be cruised. Vice squad were almost never attractive, either. For some reason, the most ugly cops seemed to be the ones sent out to entrap gays—which always seemed a little weird to Chris. What gay in his right mind could get turned on by a Sergeant Parolly or a Sergeant Maloney? Mack Cortini now was a possible exception to the rule. But not even Mack Cortini would now be stroking the bulge of his cock to attract Chris' attention like the kid at the bar was doing. Vice never made any obvious come-ons—anyway, they weren't supposed to. It raised all holy

hell with the trial if it was somehow proved that the cop was the one who had made the first move, rather than the arrested gay.

Chris made a quick check of the bar to make sure there wasn't something more interesting than what he already had on the hook. Realizing that there wasn't, Chris headed for the bar, making his tight young body squeeze into the space between the kid and the next guy: the latter being a balding gentleman that was interested in Chris but not vice versa.

"Beer?" the bartender asked, immediately having headed in Chris' direction.

"A Bud," Chris ordered. Most everyone was drinking with their hand fisted around the phallic neck of a beer bottle. It was as much a part of the costume as the faded jeans, the boots, the bared chest, the leather jacket.

"You work out with weights?" the kid asked, his bar stool still turned so that he was facing away from the counter and out into the room. His right hand was still massaging the lump couched between his lewdly splayed thighs.

"A little," Chris said, watching the bartender bending to take another cold beer out of the cooler and then pop off the bottle cap.

"Yea, I could tell," the kid said. "I can always tell the guys who take the extra time to make their bodies special."

Chris paid for his beer, giving the bartender a win-

ning smile and a tip. It always helped to get on the right side of the help. They usually knew the vice on sight, just in case Chris didn't. They also could occasionally steer you in the direction of some really humpy sex partners.

Chris didn't know the bartender. In fact, he didn't know anyone in the room—which was a relief. But then he'd been away for a few years, hadn't he? There had been college: two summers spent in Europe, one in Hawaii, one in the Caribbean. Then, there had been the Academy. Chris hadn't prowled this particular neck of the woods for well over four years. And, the turnover of bars and gays was always fantastic. Here today, gone tomorrow! The last time Chris had walked through these swinging doors, the place had been called *The Jailer's Cell.* Now it was the *Stud Bar.* God only knew how many names it had had in the interim.

"It's obvious you use a little weights yourself," Chris said. He hadn't left the bar counter after he'd gotten his beer. He had merely turned and leaned back against it. Having once again surveyed the clientele, he had decided he had probably latched onto the best of the present lot.

"Yea, I do a little," the kid replied. "Over at *Jimmy's.* You know the place?"

"I'm new in town," Chris said, shaking his head that he didn't know to what the kid had been referring. Actually, Chris had heard of *Jimmy's.* At least that place seemed to have a bit more durability than other

gay establishments in the area. *Jimmy's* was a gym that catered mainly to gays. Chris, who had never been there himself, heard the rumors that you pumped iron in one area and then retired to other rooms to pump other hard things.

"Planning on being around long?" the kid asked. And, Chris finally gave his companion his full attention, deciding that he liked what he saw. Of course, he had suspected that he would all along; otherwise, he wouldn't have come to this particular spot along the bar counter to buy his beer.

The kid was probably in his late teens. He had the kind of rugged good looks that made him look older—and which probably wouldn't wear well with time. Now, however, he was quite attractive, with his black hair, his sooty eyelashes over dark eyes, his compact and well-developed body.

The kid was wearing faded jeans, so sandpapered at the crotch that his swollen cock might as well not have been covered by anything for all the concealing the denim was achieving. He wore cowboy boots, a flannel shirt open at the neck and chest to reveal a segment of each domed pectoral and the hairless run of cleavage in between.

"I don't really know how long I'll be staying," Chris said, first having taken a long drink of the cold and slightly bitter beer. "I guess it depends a bit on the action in this town. How is the action, by the way?"

It was the kid's turn to shrug.

"About as good as anywhere else I guess," the black-haired youth replied. "You shouldn't have any problems from what I see from here."

Chris smiled, languidly using his left hand to adjust the lay of his swollen cock along his left thigh. He then transferred his beer bottle from his right to his left hand and offered his right hand to the kid for a handshake.

"My name is Granger by the way," Chris lied. There was no reason to take any undue chances by broadcasting his real name—even his real first one.

"Bob," the kid replied, returning Chris' firm grip with a forcefulness that couldn't quite be called bone-crushing.

"What are you looking for this evening?" Bob asked, hoping to hell that Chris wanted what Bob was then ready to give. From where Bob sat, there were few guys around—in or out of the gay bar—who had the stud qualities that this butch guy had.

"Actually, I prefer a little bondage and discipline," Chris said, flashing Bob a wide smile that successfully dimpled his right cheek. "However, I'm not quite set up yet with the right facilities to show someone a really good time."

"Any other night, we could have used my Uncle's setup," Bob said, wishing to hell his Uncle Brad hadn't been occupied that evening. Of course, Bob could always take this stud on by. No matter who Brad had on hand that evening, he would have probably wel-

comed his nephew and this new blond addition. However, Bob was just selfish enough to want this guy for himself before turning Brad loose on him.

"You into the rope and chain bit, too?" Chris asked, using his tongue to wet his lips, thrusting his hips a bit further forward so that his cock bulged into even higher relief.

"Nothing heavy," Bob answered.

"Same here," Chris admitted. "I've always felt that a little pain goes a hell of a long way."

"Right," Bob agreed. Actually, he was so turned on to Chris that he would have probably agreed to a fist-fuck if Chris wanted to deliver it.

"Maybe we can use your Uncle's setup some other time," Chris suggested. "I probably wouldn't have the time this evening to do either the equipment or you justice."

"Oh," Bob answered, his disappointment obvious in his voice. "Too pressed for time to make it a night?"

"Unfortunately, I'm afraid so," Chris said. As much as he would have liked to spent the night with the kid—*God, how long had it been since he'd had a whole evening of hot and horny sex?*—Chris had pulled duty the next day; and, Chris had no desire to risk dragging his ass through a day of patrol. Not that anything was apt to happen. Actually, most days were pretty run of the mill and not half as active as portrayed on television or the movies. However, robberies, muggings, rapes, and assaults *did* happen. Chris had no desire to

end up bleeding in some gutter just because his reflexes weren't what they should have been. Still . . .

Chris checked his wristwatch, mentally rationalizing that one night on the town might *really* be something Chris could adequately cope with. After all, he wasn't so old that he was completely drained after a little sex and a little loss of sleep.

"You have time for a quickie out back?" Bob asked, mistakenly having taken Chris' glance at his watch as indication that the time was fast approaching when Chris was going to have to call it a night. *Damn, but after seeing this blond Adonis, Bob didn't think he would be satisfied with anyone else this evening.*

Chris was more inclined to that idea than the one he'd just been considering. A sample out back would let Chris know whether or not it would be worth an all-nighter later on.

"I don't know," Chris said, deciding it was never smart to appear too willing. The less anxious you appeared, the more apt you usually were to get sex the way you wanted it. "You seem a little too butch for what I had in mind." That was a flattering way of telling someone Chris was on the outlook for mouth or ass to fuck. If Bob didn't go that route, he certainly wasn't going to be turned off by being accused of being too butch. If, on the other hand . . .

"Actually, I'm very versatile," Bob said, flashing a smile that revealed a row of even white teeth. "What is it you want, stud? Your cock sucked?"

Chris took another swig of beer. The way he moved his hand back to again adjust his cock position told Bob better than words that Bob's suggestion certainly had possibilities.

"I'd like nothing better than to suck your fat cock all the way down to your cum-bulged balls," Bob said, deciding his own cock would have plenty of opportunity to get shot off later, after this stud was long gone. Sure as hell, Bob would suck down this butch bastard's hot erection. He'd suck up the gallons of steamy wet-warm male cream, too. "I'll bet you've got a big one, too, don't you?"

"Not too big," Chris said, placing his beer bottle on the bar and releasing his hold on it. "Not, that is, if you've had a little practice before taking it on."

"Oh, I've had plenty of practice," Bob said scooting free of his bar stool. "Come on."

Chris followed; although, he already knew the way. The name of the place might have changed, the decor might have been corrected to a bit more "rustic dungeon" than it had once been, but the layout was still the same. The bar area merged into a small room holding two pool tables. That area, in turn, flared into another room, this one reached via a couple of steps that raised the third room a little from the others. There was another pool table. There followed a long hallway, centered by the two doors leading off to the rest rooms. At the end of the hallway was the door leading into the alley.

All three pool tables were in use. All three rooms were fairly crowded. There was a lineup at the johns (both of them); and, Chris and Bob both got groped as they squeezed by the lineup en route to the alley door.

Bob opened the door and stepped outside. Chris followed.

"Down this way," Bob instructed, deciding that there was no way he was going to suck this stud's cock where they could be easily seen by anyone who came out behind them. It wasn't that Bob was shy and couldn't operate with an audience. Actually an audience—more often than not—was an additional turn-on. But this time—this first time with this stud—Bob wanted to make sure that someone else didn't decide to move in and make a twosome into a threesome. Bob wanted this butch stud *all* to himself.

Bob, who had had more than his share of sex in this particular alley, knew the area almost by heart. The darkness didn't bother him in the least. When he found one niche occupied already by two groaning studs in hot blow-job position, he moved on to the next empty spot down by the large dipsy-dumpsters.

"Goddamn, it's dark out tonight!" Chris said, stubbing his toe on something.

"Then I'll suck your cock using the braille method," Bob said, motioning for Chris to step into the concealment of the space found between the large dumpsters and the brick wall of the building across the alley from the *Stud Bar.*

Chris turned his back to the wall, finding that Bob had wasted little time and was already down on his knees, his right hand reaching for the zipper of Chris' cock-bulged trousers.

Bob expertly found the zipper tab and pulled it down. His eyes, quickly adjusting to the dimness, saw the immediate bushing of blond pubic hair.

Damn, the stud wasn't wearing underwear, which could make it all the more easy to have at him!

Bob reached into the open fly, feeling the heat emanating from Chris' crotch, feeling the wiry softness of Chris' blond pubic hair.

Bob quickly found Chris' cock; although, it struck Bob as impossible that something that big could actually be growing between Chris' legs.

Bob's assumption had been correct in that Chris did have a big prick!

Bob hooked his fingers around Chris' massive lower cock girth, pulling to pry the meaty stiffness out of confinement. Chris' cock reluctantly obliged.

"Jesus Christ!" Bob voiced appreciatively at the sight of the unveiling. He then immediately wrapped the neck of Chris' cock with his right hand, finding he was unable to get even his large hand completely around the cock circumference.

"Suck it, Bobby boy," Chris requested, working his back more tightly into the brick of the building behind him. He opened his legs in a wider stance. "Suck it just like you said: all the way down to my cum-bulged

nuts."

That was just exactly what Bob did plan to do. However before doing so, he wanted to see those cumbulged nuts he would soon be sucking down to. He scooped his right hand downward and inward along the base of Chris' uplifted cock. He pulled out a good handful of scrotal flesh and enclosed lust-bloated testicles. The sexual bag and its contents flowed over the lower vee of Chris' open fly like a fleshy waterfall.

"Beautiful. . . beautiful," Bob said, commenting not only on Chris' balls but on Chris' swollen penis. Because, as far as Bob was concerned, this butch stud had it all: looks, body, and sexual equipment.

"And, it's all yours, Bobby," Chris told him. "It's all yours for the sucking."

Chris was excited. He was excited by the locale: a dark and shadowy alley. He was excited by the kid now preparing to suck up his cock: a real good-looker from the word go. He was excited because he hadn't really had real sex since before the Police Academy: a few fantasies revolving around the likes of fellow trainees like Gabe Jackson not counting, excited because there was a possibility of discovery: a revelation that would have caused a considerable scandal, considering Chris was a cop; and, everyone knew there was supposedly no such thing as a gay policeman.

Bob gave Chris' cock a couple of experimental masturbatory strokes just to get the feel of the phallic monster he would soon be swallowing up his mouth

and throat.

Chris' cock was as streamlined as a metal rocket cocooned in velvet. It reared upward from a thick rooting on Chris' lower hair-strewn belly to a position that corresponded roughly to the indenting of Chris' navel behind the fastened jacket material. Chris' cock was almost perfectly cylindrical, tapering upward to the point where his cock neck flared outward into the massive cock head. His cock corona was an enormous knob, sliced dead-center by the deep penile eye which was now oozing preseminal juices as the direct result of Bob's pumping fingers.

"Take it, you . . ." Chris began, punctuating with a low groan as Bob put his mouth to Chris' rubbery cock crown and began to suck it in between his pursed lips.

Bob's tongue licked the head of Chris' cock, conjuring new pleasures. Bob was excited by the enjoyment he was giving Chris. And there was no doubt in either young man's mind that Bob *was* giving pleasure. Because, Bob was certainly no stranger to sucking cock. He had been eating male meatiness ever since his Uncle Brad had first pulled out his massive prick and shown Bob how to sixty-nine on the bed. *And Christ, how many years ago had that been?*

Bob chewed on Chris' pulpy cock corona, burying his face deeper and deeper. His lips left a trailing of spit along the outside of Chris' swollen penis stalk. Chris' oozing cock mouth left a trailing of preseminal juices on Bob's palate, on his tongue, and in his throat. Chris'

sexual discharges tasted salty, but not unpleasantly so.

The corners of Bob's mouth stretched wider and wider as the young man's lips slipped closer and closer to that point where Chris' cock met with Chris' muscled belly.

Looking down along the back of Chris' penis, his eyes gone slightly cross-eyed, Bob found he had almost achieved a successful swallowing.

"Yes . . . Jesus . . . yes!" Chris chanted helplessly, putting his hands in Bob's dark hair, combing the silky strands with his fingers. As his pleasure swelled to new heights, though, Chris' hands began exerting a pushing pressure that lowered Bob's mouth those final few inches to the base of Chris' lust-ballooned prick.

Bob had been expecting the pressure of Chris' hands on top of his head, and he had prepared for it so that he wouldn't suddenly find himself gagging in reply. He had willed his throat muscles to relax; so that when Chris had forced Bob's head downward, Bob had accomplished the feat without any accompanying choking.

"Aaaaaaaghhhhhrrrrr!" someone squealed into the darkness a little ways up the alley. Obviously the two sexually engaged pair Brad and Chris had passed earlier had finally reached an orgasmic crescendo.

The sounds of that other stud in climax only made Chris even more stimulated than he already was. He fucked his hips into Bob's face, grinding his pubic hair

into Bob's nose and cheeks, grinding his contracting scrotum into Bob's chin.

"Ohhhhhh . . . stud . . . stud . . . suck me . . . suck me . . . stud," Chris moaned, revolving his ass so that his cock once more stirred within Bob's sucking warmth.

Bob, his mouth now holding Chris' cock fairly secured, wrapped his hands around the backs of Chris' thighs, his fingers clamping into the soft denim and into the muscled flesh beneath. Bob's nose was, meanwhile, smelling the heady male aromas emanating from Chris' crotch. Bob found those smells an aphrodisiac that made him all the more anxious for the taste of the boiling male juices still held captive in Chris' cum-flooded balls.

"Oh, good . . . good . . . Jesus . . . good," Chris groaned lowly. He, then, holding Bob's head in place, began to slowly pull his cock free of Bob's mouth and throat. As he did so, Chris' ass flattened against the bricks of the building behind him. Chris continued his withdrawal until only his fat cock corona remained entrapped behind the folds of Bob's pursed lips.

His mouth having glided to the head of Chris' cock, Bob wasted little time diving to the bottom, pausing at the roots only a second before bouncing up again.

"Ahhhhhh . . . shit . . . shit . . . shit!" Chris groaned, feeling Bob's face begin its steady up and down . . . up and down . . . up and down . . . cadence over his blood-engorged stiffness.

Bob's face rode Chris' sexual pole, his compressed

lips masturbating from Chris' cock roots to Chris' cockhead and then back down again. Up and down. Up and down. Up . . .

Chris fucked Bob's face, using his hand hold on Bob's head to direct the cadence most conducive to fanning the pleasures at his groin.

There was the distant crunch of gravel, a flashing passage of light along the building walls as a car turned into the alley.

Police? Could be! The police often cruised this particular area of town; although, Chris had heard nothing at the station about any new push to increase the harassment of the gays.

The car, moving slowly, came closer.

Bob didn't seem overly worried, continuing his rhythmic up and down oral masturbation over Chris' cock. In fact, he really wasn't too worried. At this time of night, the alleys were often used more than the streets by the marks who had bought and paid for young street hustlers and were looking for small stretches of darkness in which to get their money's worth.

Chris, though, was trying to make a decision. Did he leave his cock right where it was? Or, did he panic, pulling his cock free, zipping up his pants, and trying to get the hell out of there?

But, there was no mistaking the realization that the presence of the car, the increased potential of discovery, only added to Chris' excitement. Chris

figured that what he was now feeling was probably akin to that unique thrilling achieved by most of those people, who actively sought out public places in which to have their sex.

Chris decided there was no way he was going to prove himself moe chicken-shit than the apparently unfazed Bob. Besides, as Chris had already decided once this evening, he wasn't at all certain that he didn't subconsciously want to get caught. It would have given him a good excuse to eat the proverbial crow and go back to the safe and higher paying job his father had waiting for him. His father, if Chris knew John Wanalkon as well as he thought he did, would have preferred Chris gay any day to being a cop. Not that John Wanalkon had anything against policemen. John realized cops were necessary to society. However a policeman son was something John neither needed nor wanted. As for Chris being gay? Well, it was highly probably that John Wanalkon hadn't come through all those private boys' schools without having gotten at least one cock shoved to climax up his asshole.

Of course, there would have been the scandal that possibly not even the Wanalkon money could have hushed up. But when you owned as much oil-producing acreage as the Wanalkon family, *no* scandal was liable to be everlasting. Besides, among the people of Chris' social class, homosexuality, along with bisexuality, had actually come to be considered chic. With movie and rock star celebrities broadcasting to

the world that they fucked everything and everybody, who would really have cared if John Wanalkon's son was as queer as a three-dollar bill?

The car in the alley drove by without stopping. Chris continued to screw without interruption, feeling a certain disappointment (and, yes, relief), that the car had offered no real threat whatsoever.

Bob was in good sucking form. His rubbery lips moved easily up and down the length of Chris' cock in a smooth, easy cadence.

"Eat me . . . stud . . . eat me!" Chris instructed, realizing that he had strangely lost his voice while the car had offered its potential danger. *Did that mean he really didn't want to be found out, after all?*

Bob continued his expert sucking of Chris' cock, enjoying every minute of it. He would be forever thankful that Chris hadn't been the kind to be easily panicked. Bob knew — from past experience — that some guys could really get paranoid if there was even the faintest chance of being found out. But apparently not this stud. Hell no! He had stood firm; and if he had been nervous, he certainly hadn't let Bob know it.

"Oh . . . Jesus . . . yes," Chris moaned, his head bowed so that he could watch the rise and fall of Bob's handsome face along the neck of Chris' rock-hard cock. "Eat me . . . lick me . . . suck my cock down."

Bob's sucking was certainly getting results. Chris' healthy cum-bulged balls had jerked up to a snug hugging of the base of Chris' sucked cock. Chris' prick

was swellling larger and larger, priming for a gut-shattering eruption.

Bob, as if his mouth and throat had been designed specifically for this large cock, was by now completely at home with his head at Chris' groin. Each bounce of Bob's face took his mouth from Chris' balls to Chris' cock corona and from Chris' pulpy cockhead to Chris' lust-ladened nuts.

"Of . . . fuck . . . take it! TAKE IT!" Chris commanded, bucking his hips forward at the same instant his hands were shoving Bob's head down solidly around the base of Chris' cock.

Chris' nuts let go, blasting thick and creamy deluges of spunk into Bob's hungry mouth and throat.

"Aaaaaggggghhhhhhrrr-rrrrr!" Chris growled in response to the pleasure suddenly consuming him. His fingers locked into Bob's scalp, holding Bob's head firmly anchored in place.

Bob held tightly to Chris' studly young body. His fingers dug into the denim stretched along the backs of Chris' thighs. Bob swallowed, swallowed again, sucking the bubbling seminal juices down his throat and into his belly.

Wad after wad of creamy male sex milk exited the pulsing mouth of Chris' penis. And, Bob sucked it all down, marveling at the volume of cum he was being fed, but simultaneously enjoying every last drop of it.

Again and again Chris' hips jerked in time to the rhythmic expulsions of sperm from Chris' cock into

Bob's mouth.

Jesus, it had been so long since Chris had juices to a male mouth or ass! Jesus, but it had been TOO long!

Finally, though, it was over. The last comet-like shots had ceased, and so had the less forceful runs of cum that had followed the initial outpouring.

Bob clamped his lips down hard around the base of Chris' cock and slowly drew his head upward, milking Chris' cock one final time for any tardy semen that might yet have been lurking inside the still-hard cock core.

Yes, by God, the cock WAS still hard! Bob, even as he let Chris' cock slip completely free of his mouth, wondered just how many eruptions it would take to make Chris' cock go completely flaccid. If Bob had his way, he certainly was going to get the opportunity to find out—if not tonight then at some later date.

Chris had collapsed against the wall, using the brick to support himself. During his orgasm, his legs had gone so weak Chris had doubted if they could have even supported him if left on their own.

"How long have you been storing up that load?" Bob asked, coming to his feet and giving Chris a smile. He then licked for any stray sperm juices still on his lips.

"You noticed that, did you?" Chris asked, giving Bob an attractive grin in reply while trying to stuff his still-stiff prick back into his trousers.

"It's very seldom I almost drown in cum," Bob said. "Not that I'm complaining, mind you."

"I guess I just don't get out as often as I should," Chris said, squatting slightly in order to get his cock securely enlodged behind the zipper he was now drawing up to conceal it.

"Listen, bubby," Bob said, waiting while Chris finished sealing up that luscious cock which Bob had just finished sucking and was hot to suck again. "How about the two of us getting together again sometime when you've got the whole evening."

"I'd like that," Chris said, which sure as hell was no lie. As a matter of fact if Chris hadn't already made such a big deal about his having to make it an early evening, he would have been damned tempted to go somewhere with Bob for this particular night.

"I'd give you my number, but I'm staying with my sister until I can get a place of my own," Chris lied. *Why lie?* Maybe because he knew that there were ways to find addresses from telephone numbers. He didn't want anybody—this kid included—dropping by to see Chris open his apartment door in uniform. Granted, that might be the quickest way to get his secret out in the open; but, Chris (as much as he often thought exposure was what he wanted), still found himself instinctively protecting himself in some areas (not giving his real name, or giving out his phone number), where he was extremely careless in others (like coming to this gay bar in the first place).

"Hang around long enough for me to get a piece of paper and a pencil from the bartender, and I'll give you

mine," Bob said. "And, I wasn't kidding about my Uncle, either, when I said he had a b and d setup. He's got a fully equipped black room I'd like to show you sometime."

"Yea, let's make sure I get your number," Chris said, feeling the throb of his cock as he pictured how it would be having Bob strung naked from the ceiling or chained naked to a table. It had been a long time—not since those European summers—since Chris had seen the inside of a real black room.

CHAPTER FOUR

Despite the fact that Mack Cortini wore jeans and a flannel shirt open at the neck, he was still in uniform. Because if you wore the regulation blues doing vice, there was no way you could catch a queer. No faggot was going to come right out and knowingly proposition a cop. They weren't stupid. Actually, some of them were pretty damned smart.

Mack made his was through the crowds of shoppers and took the stairs to the basement.

The restroom was off in one corner just to the side of

that section selling budget floor home furnishings. Mack paused long enough to pick up a package of plastic couch and chair covers which had slipped into the aisle. He added the package back to the appropriate stack and then headed off toward the toilet.

Entering, Mack went directly to the washbasins as if he'd come in just to wash his hands. Then, when it was obvious that there was no one in the room but himself, Mack left off his little charade and looked up toward the screened ventilation duct that was situated near the ceiling above the sinks.

"You in position, O'Riley?" Mack asked. It was difficult to see anything beyond the screen but the shadows.

"Who were you expecting, Cortini? Some fag all hot to see you pull out that big uncut cock of yours and hang it over the urinal?"

"Yea, that's what I was expecting," Mack said, giving the concealed policeman the finger. "And it looks like that's what I ended up getting."

"You better thank God you've got a wall separating us, you bastard!" O'Riley said good-naturedly, pretending to be more put-out than he really was. "If you're not careful, I'll let the first queer through those doors have at your cock and not lift a finger to help you stop him."

"You're never much fucking help anyway," Mack said. "Luckily, I don't need any help handling any cock sucker I'm apt to meet up with. So, you just keep your

eyes open."

"Listen, Cortini, I'll turn my head the other way if you want to suck on a couple queer cocks this afternoon."

"Fucking funny!"

"I've heard more than one of the guys say you were nothing but a no-good cock sucker," O'Riley said in evident amusement. "I figure where there's smoke, there's bound to be a little fire."

Mack was going to give some scathing reply but he aborted with the sounds of the door swinging open. Mack turned and saw the middle-age man, balding and skinny, who had just entered.

"Hi, ya," Mack said, giving an apparently friendly wave in greeting.

"Hi," the guy replied, seemingly a bit nervous.

He was possibly just some poor clerk out to relieve his bladder; but, you never could tell. Queers, after all, came in all shapes and sizes.

From the reports, this had been a pretty active can as of late. A few faggots had really gotten blatant, openly making advances toward a couple of men who had reported being propositioned. God only knew how many other normal people had been approached and been too embarrassed to report it. The store security had called in the police.

Mack left the washbasins and headed for the urinal, noticing that the bald, skinny guy had taken up position but hadn't yet unzipped. The guy was just

standing there, giving a nervous glance as Mack moved up beside him.

"How's it going?" Mack asked.

"Five," the bald, skinny man answered.

Mark thought the guy looked extremely nervous; but, then, maybe—*just maybe*—he *was* nervous because he thought Mack was a queer trying to put the make on him.

"Have a problem?" Mack asked, as if he were really interested. The guy looked as if he didn't quite get the message yet. "Can't pee?" Mack clarified.

"Oh," the guy replied, giving an embarrassed laugh. "No, I guess not."

Mack shrugged, started to walk away, heading for the door. If the guy was straight, he deserved an opportunity to empty his bladder in private. Since he didn't know about O'Riley behind the ventilation screen, he wouldn't be disturbed. After all, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Mack reached out, putting his hand on the doorknob.

"You come here often?" the bald, skinny guy called after him.

And, intuition told Mack he had a queer here after all. All of the reports had mentioned younger kids, but that didn't mean only the young faggots tried to make contact here.

Mack released his hand on the door, turning back into the room. The guy had turned from the urinal, still looking as nervous as all hell. *Goddamn, but he had*

every right to be nervous.

"Aw, I'm in and out all of the time," Mack said. "How about you? I haven't seen you around before."

"I just heard about this place the day before yesterday. This has been the first chance I've had to stop by and check it out."

Check it out? Yea, Mack told himself, here was a queer all right. Who else but a faggot would be checking out a department store can?

"Well, what do you think so far?" Mack asked, strolling across the floor to close the distance between them. "Does it meet your expectations?"

The bald, skinny guy licked his lips. He had beads of perspiration on his forehead and just above his thin upper lip.

Mousy little man! Mousy, mousy! Mousy little queer! Drooling over what he suspected was waiting for him inside of Mack's pants.

"Do you charge?" the man asked Mack, his voice so low that O'Riley had to listen hard to even hear it.

"Charge?" Mack asked, all innocence, simultaneously moving in closer, thrusting his pelvis slightly forward so that the outline of his cock was even more defined.

Mack's cock made an erotic outline at his crotch, snaking down along his left leg. It was made even more enticing in that it was rock hard as even this mousy little queer could tell. Mack always got hard at times like this. He refused to admit just why. Actually, he now

rationalized that it certainly didn't have anything at all to do with this pathetic little fairy. Mack in no way found the guy in the least bit attractive.

The bald man licked his lips, glancing nervously around the room as if to assure himself that only the two of them were present.

"This is really a slow time of the day, you know?" Mack said, stepping in even closer. "There probably won't be anyone besides us in here for at least the next hour."

The man made one more complete glance around the room.

"Maybe we could go into one of the stalls?" the skinny man suggested.

Aw no, Mack didn't want to go into any of the stalls. He wanted O'Riley to see whatever it was this little fairy bastard had in mind to start.

"It's better out here," Mack said, giving the man a smile that dared him to take the chance. "As I said, it's quiet this time of day."

Mack tightened the muscles at the base of his scrotum, causing his hard cock to move invitingly inside of his pants. He gave a come-on-take-a-chance-and-you-won't-regret-it look.

The bald man gave one more look around the room, another nervous licking of his lips.

Yea, he was going to take the chance. Mack could tell. The bait was just too damned tempting for the faggoty bastard!

The man gently let his right hand drift forward, tentatively aiming for the bulge of Mack's cock.

Mack gave the guy a wider grin, not stepping back, just inviting an actual touching.

Come on, fairy, come on! Touch it! Just reach on out a little bit further and touch it!

The guy touched it! And, the touch was all Mack needed. His right hand came forward, clamping tightly around the man's wrist.

A vice-like grip given by a vice-squad cop!

"You're under arrest, mister," Mack said, enjoying the frantic expression he read in the man's eyes—the panic he always read there when he caught one of these perverted faggots red-handed. "You have the right to . . ."

What in the hell happened!

Mack felt a sudden pain in his neck that almost made his head exit his shoulders. He saw stars—real, honest-to-goodness stars. He was falling. *He was falling, for Christ's sake!*

"Ugh!" Mack grunted, punctuating with a low, long sigh as his breath was somehow forced out of his belly.

Something came down hard against the back of Mack's neck. Mack went down hard to the floor, his teeth clattering together as his knees contacted the linoleum and the hard cement beneath it.

"Bastard! Bastard! Bastard!" someone was screaming. Who? Mack? The skinny, little, bald faggot? *God, surely not the skinny, little, bald faggot!*

But there had been no one else in the room.

"Riley!" Mack groaned, wondering where the pain was coming from, wondering how he'd gotten to the floor. "Riley?"

Where in the hell was O'Riley?

Something jabbed his balls; and, Mack felt his body automatically curling into a prenatal position as his belly churned with the pain and the resulting nausea.

For Christ's sake, what had happened!

Mack first puked and then passed out cold in his own vomit.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Hey, Wanalkon, you heading for the gym?" Mack Cortini called, catching the attention of the young man a short ways up the hallway ahead of him.

Chris turned, waiting for Mack to catch up with him.

"Yea! You?"

"I'm heading that way, too. Mind if I tag along with you?"

"Always glad for the company," Chris said, which was partially true and partially untrue. There were a

few men like Gabe Jackson and Mack Cortini who Chris never really felt safe with in the locker room. Not that he was afraid they were gay and might start something (Mack Cortini seemed to have a vendetta out on every queer—that department store incident not having helped matters any). Actually, Chris was afraid that he found both men so sexually attractive that his own cock was going to betray his own sexual preferences. So far (and he'd spent several sessions in the gym with both Mack and Gabe), Chris had come through with flying colors. But, there was always the first time.

And, what would butch, straight-as-a-stick Mack Cortini say if Chris' cock should suddenly spring to life when the two of them were alone in the locker room?

"You might as well make your little wisecrack now," Mack said, unconsciously gritting his teeth.

The two had been walking down the hallway for a couple of minutes without saying much of anything.

"Wisecrack?" Chris questioned, genuinely at a loss. He had been pulled back so suddenly from his thoughts of getting an erection with Mack in the shower or locker room, that he really wasn't quite sure where Mack's comment was taking him.

"About the faggot in the department store," Mack said, wondering why it was he who was now bringing it up when he had threatened to break a few heads of people who had mentioned it on and off throughout the whole day. "Surely, you've heard about the faggot

kung-fu expert who creamed Mack Cortini in the john and then escaped without a trace?"

"Yea, that was tough luck," Chris said, wishing Mack hadn't brought up the subject. Chris had always felt a little uneasy discussing gays with people like Mack—*especially with people like Mack*—who obviously wished every gay in the world was six feet under, no exceptions.

"Come on, get the rest out," Mack said.

"What *rest?*" Chris asked, feeling more uneasy by the second.

"No comment on how Mack Cortini can't even win a fight with a fairy?"

"From what I hear, that fairy came on like gang busters," Chris said. "I doubt whether there was anyone on the force who could have successfully countered such a sudden attack—whether from a fairy or from the butchest punk on the block. And, from what O'Riley said, the guy didn't look like he could fight his way out of a paper bag."

"O'Riley has already said damned too much," Mack said as the two of them made a right turn and headed off down another hallway. "That bastard is going to be lucky if I don't call him out on this yet. Where was he, I wonder, while that fucking madman was going apeshit?"

"Trying to get around to the door, to hear him tell it," Chris said.

"More than likely he was just sitting in his ringside

seat, taking it all in and having a few laughs," Mack commented dryly.

"I don't think so," Chris said, deciding that it wasn't going to do him any real harm to put in a good word for O'Riley. It was a well-known fact around the station that Mack and O'Riley were good friends. Mack's ego was just a little bruised for having underestimated a seemingly helpless gay; and, O'Riley was (now that Mack was safe), taking advantage of the moment to give a little harmless ribbing. It seemed hardly likely that the feud was going to develop into anything really serious. "When I talked to O'Riley, he said he actually thought the bastard was going to kill you."

"Don't tell anybody, but the bastard almost *did* kill me," Mack said, deciding he could confess that to Chris. Chris, after all, seemed like a pretty good Joe. You didn't hear Chris making any wise-ass remarks like the rest of them. Chris knew that what had happened had been the exception rather than the rule. "And, hell, the bastard was the weakest looking mouse of a faggot I'd ever seen. It just goes to show that . . ."

"Hey, Cortini!" Gabe Jackson said, appearing suddenly from one of the doorways lining the hall, falling into step beside Mack and Chris. "What's this I hear about you getting knocked cold by some faggot and then letting him fuck your hairy ass?"

Mack was on Gabe in a flash. He moved so fast that he took Gabe completely unaware and left Chris gaping in his wake.

Mack grabbed Gabe by the collar and smashed the young patrolman back hard against the wall—so hard that a picture of the Police Commissioner hung on the other side was bounced off its nail and came crashing to the floor.

"I . . . have . . . had . . . about enough of your perverted shit-talk, Jackson," Cortini said, his face screwed up so that his usually attractive features looked downright ugly. "One more piece of lip from you, and you're going to have a fist bounced down your throat. Understand?"

"Jesus Christ, you two, can it!" Chris commanded, finally recovered and moving in to the rescue. "You want to both get yourselves reprimanded?"

Mack pulled away, heading off down the hallway in a huff, leaving behind a group of curious onlookers, most of whom hadn't even heard the comment by Gabe which had sparked Mack's outburst.

"Goddamn, what in the fuck is wrong with you?" Chris asked, moving in, taking Gabe's arm and guiding the stunned policeman down the hall. It was obvious by Gabe's expression that he had been a little taken back by Mack's reaction to his little jest. "Cortini certainly isn't anyone whose bad side you want to get on."

"Overreacted a bit, wouldn't you say?" Gabe said when he'd finally begun to recover his wits.

"He's not overly fond of gays from what I hear," Chris said. "I'd say it would have taken very few smarts to figure out that he wasn't going to take too

kindly to any suggestion that he'd been fucked in the ass by a queer, wouldn't you?"

"Why does he hate gays?" Gabe asked, now able to move on his own without Chris' guiding support.

"Who knows?" Chris answered with a shrug. "I sure as hell don't."

"Think he's a closet case?" Gabe asked, his question bringing Christ to a complete stop.

"Mack Cortini?" Chris asked with a genuine laugh that brought several stares from people passing. He lowered his voice before continuing. "You must admit that labeling Mack Cortini a homosexual—closet or otherwise—is more than just a little ludicrous."

"Why?" Gabe asked.

"Why?"

"Yea! Why is it so ludicrous to think that Mack Cortini is a closet queer? You think all gays are the stereotyped limp-wristed little fairies?"

Chris did not like the way this conversation was heading. If his talk with Mack had been unsettling, this conversation was making him even more nervous.

"I wouldn't consider myself an expert on homosexuality," Chris said. "But, what little I do know would certainly lead me to any other conclusion but that Mack Cortini was gay."

"You ever catch the way he eyes the guys in the shower room?"

"Are you really being serious?" Chris asked, thinking that Gabe surely had to be pulling his leg. Checking

out Gabe's expression, Chris wasn't quite sure. Chris gave Gabe a little nudge, directing him into a small office that was normally used by the head custodian but which was now momentarily vacated.

"Watch him sometime," Gabe said. "He seems especially taken by *your* naked body."

"That's not even something you should be joking about!" Chris said in a voice that had dropped to a hissing whisper.

"Who's joking?" Gabe asked, all seriousness. "I think the bastard is a closet case who can't accept the fact that he's gay and so tries to take it out on every gay he comes across."

"Listen to me, buddy," Chris said, wishing to fuck none of this had ever—EVER—come up. "If I were you, I would keep those particular thoughts to myself—if you really have them."

"You think butch Cortini would have been half as upset if he'd been taken by a straight in that department store john? Hell, no!"

"So, what does that have to do with the price of tea in China?"

"The guy is uncertain of his own masculinity, because down deep—down real deep—he knows he's probably as queer as that poor faggot he tried to entrap in that rest room."

"Just what in God's name makes you the sudden expert on homosexuals?" Chris asked, afraid that the walls had ears and were hearing all of this

conversation.

"What makes me an authority?" Gabe asked. "Well, let me tell you what makes me an authority."

But, whatever it was Gabe had been preparing to drop on Chris, he quickly seemed to change his mind.

"Oh, forget it!" Gabe said finally, heading for the door and the hallway beyond. "Just do yourself a big favor and don't bend over in the shower if Mack Cortini is anywhere within sticking distance."

Chris was going to say something—what, for Christ's sake?—but Gabe had already made his successful exit. By the time Chris moved out of the office, Gabe had disappeared completely.

Chris had definite second thoughts about continuing on to the gym. He had had about enough talk for one day about gays, homosexuals, faggots, closet cases, etcetera, ad infinitum.

Still, it would have been a bit obvious if he hadn't shown up after he'd told Mack that that was where he was heading. Of course, he could have always come up with some lame excuse about being waylaid by someone or other, but that was apt to sound a bit phony. Chris didn't know about his friend Gabe, but he had no intentions whatsoever of getting on the bad side of Mack Cortini. And if Gabe didn't have sense enough to seek Mack out and make apologies, then, by God, Chris would just have to do it for him.

Chris continued on down the hall, taking the elevator to the basement where the gym, firing ranges,

and pool were located. He picked up a towel and headed for his locker. Mack Cortini was already suited, his hairy legs protruding from the leg holes of his blue shorts, more hair sprouting above the neck of his T-shirt. He was sitting on one of the benches, obviously waiting for Chris' arrival.

Chris came on over and unfastened his lock.

"He was only ribbing," Chris said, opening his locker and stuffing his towel in the top section. He fished for his shorts, T-shirt, socks, tennis shoes, and jockstrap. "You know how he is."

"I know he's got a big mouth," Mack said, his opinion of Gabe Jackson not changed by anything Chris had said—nor, most likely, was it apt to be changed by anything Chris might say in the future. Still, Mack could appreciate someone who could be loyal toward friends.

In short, Mack liked Chris. He liked his clean good looks and his polite manner. Chris wasn't one of those rich young kids who had been spoiled by daddy's money. *Good cop:* that's what Mack had mentally observed to himself the first time he had seen the new rookie. That impression of Chris had stuck.

Chris began unbuttoning his shirt, telling himself that he would make it through this disrobing, just like he had made it through all of those other locker-room situations—and, he would do it without getting sexually aroused.

Chris stripped off his shirt, then peeled off his

undershirt.

What had Gabe so convinced that Mack Cortini was gay? Was it purely conjecture? Or, did Gabe know something that Chris didn't know?

"He really didn't mean any harm," Chris said, deciding that talking would keep his mind off the as yet imperceptible crawlings of his cock in his shorts. "It would be a shame if you two let this thing blossom into bad feelings."

"Your buddy is a shit!" Mack said. And, then for emphasis, he spelled it out. "S-H-I-T! What did he have to say after I left?"

"Besides the fact that he was sorry?"

"Wanalkon, don't try to lay that line of crap on me! I know that Gabe Jackson didn't tell you or anyone else that he was sorry."

"He's sorry even if he didn't come right out and say so," Chris answered. He sat down to take off his shoes and socks, dropping them in the locker as he removed them.

"Don't worry about me and your friend," Mack said. "I've handled his type before without resorting to fisticuffs."

Chris stood, unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down, stepped out of them.

Had Mack's gaze momentarily shifted to Chris' groin? Christ no! Gabe had merely made Chris see something that wasn't even there!

"He's a good cop!" Chris said, mentally instructing

his penis to stay soft at least until Chris could get it concealed within the elastic cup of his jockstrap.

"Yeah, maybe he is," Mack said, not bothering to elucidate beyond that simple statement.

Chris pulled down his underpants, relieved to find his cock not so swollen that it was obviously in a state of arousal.

There, it happened again! One of those quick, almost undetectable glances of Mack. This one definitely having taken in Chris' naked cock and balls! Still, what did that prove? Certainly not that Mack was gay. Hell, there wasn't a man alive who wasn't interested in comparing his sexual equipment with the possible competition. And yet, Mack had certainly seen Chris' cock enough times already to know what Chris had to offer in the prick department.

Chris reached for his jockstrap, trying not to give the impression that he was in any big hurry to get his meaty penis hidden from any more of Mack's sneak glances.

Mack was aware that he had more than once found his eyes helplessly drawn to Chris' groin, more than once having forced his eyes to break that obvious attraction. He rationalized his interest in a couple of ways. One, there was the fact that men always liked to see how their cock compared to the next guy's. Two, Chris had such a long and large prick that it was only natural that any man—even Mack—would be out to verify the fact that that prick was the genuine article

and not a mere illusion.

Mack in no way allowed himself to connect the present stirring of his own cock with his assumed harmless interest in Chris' sexual equipment. There had always been something about having his cock bound up in a jockstrap which had made Mack horny—Chris Wanalkon or no Chris Wanalkon.

Chris was thankful when Mack suddenly seemed willing to drop the subject all together. The two men, after Chris had finished suiting up, went to the gym. Mack attacked a punching bag as if it were his worst enemy. Chris soon grew sweaty using the weights and the sidehorse.

"I think I'm about ready to call it a day," Chris said about an hour later, his T-shirt drenched with his perspiration.

Mack, who was doing leg exercises, let the weights drop to a holding position and looked up from where he was lying on his back on the floor.

"You go ahead, kid," Mack said. "I think I'll stay on for another few minutes."

Chris gave a parting wave, thanking God that he wasn't going to have to spend his time in the shower and locker room wondering if any second his cock would start going hard.

Chris had no way of knowing that the reason Mack wasn't yet breaking his exercise routine was the fact that his cock was hard in his jockstrap, and he hadn't wanted Chris to see it.

CHAPTER SIX

Green light: phone. Red light: door.

The red light went on in the dimness.

Bob Langly, who had been expecting the signal, moved through the shadows and opened the door into the hallway. He took the steps two at a time, hastily crossed through the kitchen and into the living room. The door bell rang again, this time sounding as a melodious series of chimes that seemed to come from nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

Bob reached the door after passing over the marble

flooring of the vestibule.

"Sorry I'm so late," Chris said, giving an apologetic smile. "I was held up a little longer than even I expected."

"No harm done," Bob said, stepping back and letting Chris step inside. "Not much has progressed so far; and, you're in time for the finale."

Bob shut the door behind him, turning to give Chris a comprehensive once-over. This was the first time Bob had really had a chance to see Chris in direct lighting. While there were some guys who didn't stand the test once they were removed from the gloom of the bars and alleyways, Chris certainly wasn't one of them. If anything, Bob thought that Chris looked even better now than he had in the bar or the alley.

Chris wore faded denims, boots, and a flannel shirt open at the throat. His hair banged attractively over his forehead. The grin he flashed Bob caused his right cheek to dimple.

"Come on," Bob said, leading the way. "Everybody is downstairs. It'll seem kind of dark in the basement so keep close. And, don't panic if someone gropes you on the way in. Uncle Brad has invited a few of his friends this evening to watch the performance; and, they're usually fucking and sucking each other before the night is over. They'll probably assume you're fair game; but, just ignore them—unless, of course, you want to join in. No one gets too upset with a rejection, since it's a well-known fact that a lot of my Uncle's

friends just prefer watching and jacking off to any actual participation."

"You're making me horny," Chris said, walking close to Bob so that their bodies rubbed.

"I'm glad you called," Bob said, leading the way through the kitchen toward the basement stairs. "I was beginning to think you'd forgotten me completely."

"Fat chance of that," Chris said. "I get all hot and bothered every time I think of how you got me off in that alley. It's just been a bit hectic lately, what with trying to get settled in."

The two took the stairs, coming out in a long hallway that had only enough light to keep people from bumping into the walls. Several closed doors led off the hallway; but, Bob proceeded down toward the one at the end. They stopped. Bob opened the door, motioning for Chris to go ahead. Chris entered the room, feeling Bob sliding in behind him and pulling the door shut.

The room was fairly large. Anyway, it certainly seemed that way. There wasn't much light. What light there was came from sconces whose dim bulbs contained flickering filaments that gave the illusion of real flame. Chris could immediately tell that there were several other people standing around in the darkness; although, none of them had yet attempted the groping Bob had insinuated. It wasn't really the viewers, though, that had immediately captured Chris' attention as much as it was the tableau set out

on center stage.

A completely naked man was hung from the ceiling by his feet, his head suspended about four feet from the floor. His front was facing in Chris' direction so that the man's erect cock—huge and blood-glutted—aimed downward, its head nestled against the hung man's knotted navel. Even in his stretched position, the man's body seemed in great shape: muscled abdominals obviously washboarded, pectorals obviously well-defined. Hard nipples punctuated the chest. Large balls, held encased in a bulky scrotum, hung halfway down the man's swollen cock neck.

There was a sudden loud smack; and, the hung body rocked.

Chris' attention was shifted from the hanging man to the other figure who had just expertly wielded the wooden paddle which had connected with naked ass.

"That's Uncle, hung from his feet," Bob whispered in Chris' ear. "The other is one of his favorite people: Rolph. Rolph is one of the few Brad ever lets play master to his slave."

The *other*, who Bob had just mentioned, now held all of Chris' interest. Because there was something exceptionally erotic about the sight of a muscled figure, bare to the waist, his head encased in a black leather hood, his lower body encased in black leather pants. The hooded figure's naked flesh was glossed with a thin veneering of sweat that looked almost as if oil had been massaged along the skin.

Chris didn't know what Rolph's face looked like (it was kind of hard to tell with only the eyes, nose, and mouth holes that the leather hood contained), but he certainly had a body that was exceptional. And, by the looks of the bulge offered at Rolph's crotch, there was little doubt but that the young man had an exceptional cock to match.

There was another loud whack as the paddle Rolph was holding was once again brought into sharp contact with Brad's ass.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," Brad moaned, his brown hair moving as his head rocked back and forth above the floor.

Brad once again felt the wood on his buttocks. The pain was somewhat countered by the numbness which now claimed both battered ass buns. Chris and Bob had actually entered to witness what had been the last of a whole series of paddle slaps which had warmed Brad's ass cheeks and spread a redness as far as the backs of Brad's thighs.

Brad was aware, also, of the way his own blood was flushing his face. How long, after all, had he been hanging here? It was so fucking hard to keep track of time when you were enjoying like Brad was.

Bob's uncle was sweating. Perspiration was actually drooling along Brad's flanks and down the groove formed by his spine. The floor beneath Brad's body was speckled with splatter marks where sweat had run free and sunburst on the black tile.

Rolph, putting the paddle to one side, moved in close to the hanging man, running his large hand down over Brad's body, in between Brad's legs, Rolph's fingers growing wet in the existing sweat.

Brad's skin was hot against Rolph's caress. The flesh twitched with several reflexive muscle spasms.

Rolph's exploring fingertips trailed over Brad's molested ass, over the rounded swells of Brad's ass cheeks. Rolph's middle finger touched Brad's anal pucker. Brad's pucker was damp with perspiration. Brad's wrinkled anal eye concaved slightly as Rolph pushed his fingertip against it.

"Ohhhhhhhh, shit!" Brad grunted as he felt his sphincter ring roll open to swallow Rolph's finger to that finger's first knuckle.

Rolph, still jabbing his finger in deeper, moved his other hand to Brad's balls. He took a handful of the oval testicles and gave them both a squeeze. He kept on squeezing until Brad moaned a sounding that the pain was actually threatening to cancel out the pleasure. Then, and only then, did Rolph release his hold, letting Brad's scrotum fall back along the wide belly of Brad's prick. Rolph then pulled his finger free of Brad's ass hole. He moved to a position directly facing the front of Brad's hanging body.

Bob took a firm grip of Chris' arm and guided him toward one side where they both could get a better view of what was about to happen.

Chris' eyes, which had finally begun to adjust to the

gloom, was now able to distinguish more than just the shadows. If his count was correct, there were eight other people, besides himself, Bob, Brad, and Rolph in the room. Several of the figures were grouped in pairs or threesomes; and, it was obvious that if Chris wasn't yet getting groped, a few of his fellow voyeurs certainly were.

"Unfasten my pants, cock sucker!" the hooded young man said; and, Chris somehow found the voice familiar.

Imagination! That's all it was, of course. How could Chris know this particular young man? Chris hadn't been cruising the city for four years, except for the time he had lucked out and found Bob. Since then, Chris hadn't gone downtown for sex again. It had seemed safer to just give Bob a ring. Because if Chris' subconscious continued to connive to get Chris' secret out in the open, Chris' conscious was still acting intuitively to keep his homosexuality under wraps.

Brad, whose hands were untied, was—quite expertly, Chris thought—unfastening the rawhide lacing that secured the crotch of Rolph's leather pants.

Besides, Chris certainly didn't recall ever having met anyone called Rolph. And, Rolph was the guy's name, wasn't it? Anyway, that's what Bob had said it was.

Still, there was no doubting that the hooded guy was Chris' type. The young man was a living sculpture of muscle. His hair-covered pectorals were exquisitely

carved domes that each held a dime-size nipple. Each nipple was haloed by dark strands of hair. More hair fanned over his chest, down his belly. Black hair clustered around the young man's navel.

"Rolph has got a cock just about as big as yours," Chris commented, his voice low in Chris' ear.

Even as Bob was speaking, Brad reached his fingers into the space he had unlaced at Rolph's crotch and was tugging the hooded young man's penis out for viewing.

And, Bob had been more than right: Rolph's cock was a big one. Its knob-like corona was a fist-size mass that had pushed completely free of its hooding foreskin. The prepuce was now a thick turtlenecking, clinging to the outside of the massively erected sexual truncheon.

Brad hadn't been satisfied with just Ralph's cock. He had gone after the accompanying balls, scooping out a mass of bulky hair-strewn flesh that, when released, was tugged downward beneath the tremendous weight of Rolph's twin-orbed testicles.

Rolph reached down his hands, fanning his fingers over Brad's ears. At the same time, Rolph walked his cock in closer to Brad's face. Rolph widened his stance, leaning his hips forward. His hands gently pulled Brad's head into Rolph's naked groin.

"Lick my sweaty balls, you cock-sucking bastard!" Rolph commanded. And, he rubbed his testicles against Brad's hanging face.

Brad could feel the flesh of Rolph's scrotum against his forehead, against his cheeks, and against his chin. He stuck out his tongue, licking it along the flaccid sex bag, tasting the exotic flavors of a young man in heat.

Brad wrapped his arms around Rolph's lower body, licking out again. His tongue stuck out so far that its tip actually penetrated up behind Rolph's hanging scrotum and into the crack of the hooded figure's ass. Brad's spit turned the hair on Rolph's scrotum even blacker with moisture.

Chris, meanwhile, wished he had an even better viewing of Rolph. Chris had heard the hooded figure speak again, and Chris had tried to figure out just who the guy sounded like. Like *somebody* Chris knew. But who?

The body? Could Chris recognize that? Had he seen it somewhere before? Had he been to bed with it? If only the lighting weren't quite so muted! Rolph? Rolph? That name still didn't ring any bells.

Chris gave an involuntary start at the sudden feel of someone's hand on his bulged crotch.

"It's just me, stud," Bob whispered. He'd gone to his knees in the darkness, far more interested in Chris' cock at the moment than he was in watching Rolph and Brad move into a unique sixty-nine position.

Chris made no move to discourage Bob. Hell, why should he? This was what Chris had come for, wasn't it? There was safe sex here, where there hadn't been safe sex in the alley behind the bar. And if part of the

excitement spawned by the danger of possible discovery was missing here, then that lack was more than compensated by the erotic tableau of Brad Langly's hanging body and the hooded figure preparing even then to feet fat, hard, uncircumcised cock up Brad's waiting mouth and throat.

Bob undid the buttons of Chris' crotch. As before, he soon discovered that Chris wasn't wearing any underpants. Bob's fingers, once through the breach, immediately came in contact with the warmth of hair-covered hard muscle. His fingers probed for the large base of Chris' cock and clamped around it, immediately pulling to slide Chris' cock neck up and out of the young man's left pants leg.

Rolph, in the meantime, had left his left hand in support of Brad's head. Rolph's right hand, though, had moved to a fisting of Rolph's thick cock.

Rolph pulled back his hips, pulling down his cock.

"Open up, bastard!" Rolph commanded. "I'm about to feed you the mouthful you've been waiting for."

Brad's mouth came open like a young bat eagerly awaiting its first meal. The tip of Rolph's cock passed through Brad's lips.

Brad opened his mouth even further, his eyes wide and watching the way Rolph's scrotum was moving and shifting with a life all of its own.

Rolph wasted little time. Giving a quick bucking, his left hand pulling Brad's head over his penis, Rolph fed his monstrous meatiness up Brad's mouth and throat.

Rolph's heavy balls swung forward and slapped against Brad's forehead.

Almost at the same moment, Bob's mouth had begun its drop over Chris' uplifted mass of turgid meatiness. Brad put his hands on Bob's head and pushed down.

"Yesssssss!" Chris hissed silently, feeling his cock becoming as completely lost up Bob's throat as Rolph's cock was now skewered inside of Brad's face.

A backward swing of Rolph's hips drew his cock halfway out of Brad's mouth.

An upward slide of Bob's mouth drew his lips toward the pulpy summit of the cock he had just successfully succeeded in sucking down all of the way to its knotted roots.

Rolph fed his cock back slowly into Brad's mouth. His right hand had gone to again join his left one on Brad's head.

Bob once again let his lips slide along Chris' straining cock neck, adding more spit to the saliva already glossing the phallic mast.

Rolph's meaty stiffness had once again penetrated Brad's throat. Rolph's heart-shaped cock corona was lost in the sucking tunnel. Rolph's scrotum, beginning to contract toward the base of Rolph's cock, was pressed tightly into Brad's nose.

Inside of Bob's throat, Chris' cock was drooling. A steady river of clear preseminal juices flowed from Chris' penis eye. The taste of those juices ran heavy on

Bob's wrapping tongue. With each experienced contraction of Bob's throat muscles, Chris' cock was milked free of even more of its delicious fluids.

Rolph looked down, seeing his crotch hair fanned across Brad's face. Rolph began another withdrawal segment of a fuck stroke. He watched as his spit-slicked inches dragged free of Brad's face. He screwed forward, pulled out, drove in, eased out. He commenced a languid fucking cadence, his hips swaying, his lower body rotating to stir his penis up the hole that seemed so perfect for his fucking.

Bob's head had achieved a sucking cadence over Chris' cock. Up, down, up, down, even as Rolph's fat cock meatiness was going in, out, in, out, in . . .

"Oh, Christ, eat me!" Chris whispered, well aware that he and Bob, Brad and Rolph, weren't the only ones in the room sexually engaged. In the dimness, whenever he could pull his eyes away from Rolph and Brad, Chris could make out the other figures: some on the floor, some sitting on benches, one couple laid out and fucking on an incline board. But, on the whole, Chris was simply too fascinated with Rolph and Brad's sexual activity to pay much attention to any of the others.

Still fucking Brad's face, Rolph leaned his head into the open vee formed by Brad's hung legs. Rolph's lips closed in on Brad's scrotum which was holding Brad's nuts secure. Rolph's nose pressed into the corridor of skin that separated Brad's cock from Brad's anus.

Rolph then sucked, siphoning Brad's loose scrotal skin into his mouth.

"Ahhhhhhh!" Brad sighed around Rolph's continually pumping penis. He groaned twice again as first one of his cum-bloated testicles and then the other one went popping into Rolph's sucking mouth.

Rolph siphoned Brad's gonads deep into the back of his throat, swallowing as if he were actually prepared to make Brad's scrotum stretch all of the way into Rolph's digesting belly juices. Rolph's compressing throat muscles mashed Brad's tender gonads, causing a pleasurable aching to spread into Brad's lower abdomen.

Rolph's cock had continued screwing, not missing a beat. Rolph's hips swung in an easy fucking rhythm, his hungry mouth continuing to labor over Brad's lust-ballooned balls.

And, Bob's face continued to bounce over Chris' mouth-fucking cock.

Rolph finally spat out his mouthful, his right hand reaching upward to take hold of Brad's stiff cock. Brad's cock was pulled upward much like the mirror image of a descending drawbridge. Rolph now had hold of Brad's cock staff much like a performer might hold to a microphone. The palm of Rolph's hand was folded over Brad's cock belly. Rolph's thumb was curved under Brad's cock back. Brad's rubbery cock corona was poised directly at Rolph's pursed lips.

Rolph sucked to take Brad's cockhead into his

mouth. His lips folded into the groove formed by the flaring of Brad's cock corona from Brad's cock neck. Rolph sucked Brad's cock in even further. He followed by gulping up even more of the swollen penis.

"Fuck me . . . fuck me . . . fuck me!" someone, somewhere was chanting, as the sound of someone's fat cock fucking someone's juice-smeared asshole resounded (along with other sounds), in the dimly lit room.

Rolph obviously had no trouble whatsoever in taking all of Brad's sizable stiffness into his throat. Within a matter of seconds, Rolph's face was collapsed between Brad's legs, Rolph's lips ovaled about the roots of Brad's cock, Rolph's nose pressed hard into Brad's perineum.

And, Brad was basking in the exquisite pleasure inherent in the constant thrusting of Rolph's cock within his throat, and with the feel of his own cock being allowed to fuck Rolph's experienced face.

Chris was feeling the engulfing warmth of Bob's mouth. Bob's deliciously sucking caused sensations to roll along the expanse of Chris' cock from Chris' cockhead to Chris' bulbous cock balls. There was an ecstatic pleasure taking form inside of Chris' passion-wracked body. That pleasure was swelling. It was beginning to sunburst.

"AAAA! AAGGGGGGHHHHHHH! EEEEEEEEIIIIIII!" someone in the room squealed as his cock let loose a deluge of ropy spermal streamers.

For an instant, Chris thought it was the guy who was getting fucked on the incline board; but then Chris decided it had to have been one of the others in the room.

"Screw me, fuck me, hump me!" came the muted grunts of the guy still laid belly-down. Atop him, plowing a hard prick deep up the spasming rectum, a shadowy body was pump . . . pump . . . pumping; a drooling mouth was groaning out sighs of still-approaching climax.

"Suck him, stud! Suck him!" someone else was saying loudly.

The room was alive with the sounds of sex: lips over cocks, cocks up asses, cocks firmly gripped in large and tightly fisting hands. Wet sounds. Loud sounds. Juicy sounds caused by the vacuums up mouths and up rectums. Lewd, obscene, titillating sounds that acted as audio aphrodisiacs that made ecstasy spiral higher . . . higher . . . ever higher.

"Oh, Jesus . . . I'M CUMMMMMMMMMING!" a low and guttural groaning wailed to the sahdows and to the hungry mouth wrapped like a rubber glove around the pulsing meatiness of the exploding penis.

And Chris, as he watched, as he heard the grunts and the groans of the others around him, knew that his own moment of truth wasn't that far off. It was, in fact, there, just within striking distance, just waiting to turn Chris' guts into wet-warm mush. And, as if to bring that climax even closer, Chris' hips began a

more intensified fucking cadence, pulling and pushing Chris' hard-wet cock back and forth inside Bob's expertly sucking mouth and throat.

Brad's body was assaulted by myriad sensations caused by the things Rolph was doing to it: pleasure and pain. The latter came from the ropes that tightly held Brad's ankles above him, from Brad's guts being forced to hang upside down, from the dull roar of blood rushing pell-mell into Brad's head and into his brain. The pain, however, was nothing compared to the pleasure of the cock up Brad's mouth and the pleasure of Brad's cock fucking up Rolph's feasting face.

OH, GOD, THE PLEASURE!

"Ooooooohhhhhhhh!" Brad groaned around Rolph's huge penis, his lips vibrating along the length of Rolph's fucking prick.

Rolph, recognizing the warning for what it was, buried his face one final time down over the total length of Brad's cock and anchored himself there. At the same time, Rolph's cock was fucking faster . . . faster . . . faster.

"Aggghhhhhhhh!" Brad moaned, his body helplessly jerking like a fish out of water.

Chris watched as Brad's rich-warm cream bubbled out around Rolph's sucking face, watched as the hooded head corkscrewed around Brad's cum-spewing penis.

"Oh, Jesus . . . Jesus . . . Jesus!" Chris grunted, feeling Bob's mouth sucking, feeling Bob's tongue

whipping, feeling Bob's fingers working Chris' contracting scrotum and the contained testicles.

Bob's face began a heartier bouncing over Chris' cock, anxious to taste Chris' cum even as Rolph was now tasting Brad's ejaculating spermal loads.

Rolph swallowed. He swallowed again . . . then again . . . then again. He then bucked his cock to its roots up Brad's hanging face and blasted his spermal discharge.

Brad felt the gushes of male wetness filling . . . filling . . . filling. They flooded Brad's mouth, burned his sinus cavities. There was so much cum there seemed no end.

"Agh . . . agh . . . agh!" Rolph moaned, keeping time to the pulsating rushes of spermal ribbons that shot to baste Brad's frantically swallowing throat.

"Oh . . . my . . . fucking . . . God!" Chris moaned lowly, gutturally, his pleasure already too much to endure the further stimulation of seeing Rolph's cock obviously in eruption. "Take it, cock sucker! Take it! JESUS . . . CHRIST . . . TAKE . . . MY . . . CUMMM-MMMMMING . . . CREAM!"

And Bob took it, all right, wishing all of the time that the delicious nuttiness of Chris' sperm would never cease feeding his mouth, feeding his throat, feeding his hungry belly.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Kenny Daniels had been Mack Cortini's first partner when Mack had been a rookie. Kenny, an old hand at police work, had taken Mack under his wing, showed Mack the ropes. Kenny, though, had since been relegated to a desk job and finally—six months ago—had retired from the service.

Mack had stopped by because, one, he and Kenny were still good friends; two, Kenny liked to hear the latest scuttlebutt even if he was no longer an active part of the force; three, Kenny was a widower and wel-

comed the company; four, the two men had promised not to lose track of each other; five, Mack had a couple days off, and he had been frankly bored; six, Kenny always had a refrigerator full of beer, and it had been a long time since Mack had gotten rip-roaring drunk with Kenny Daniels.

"It's not like it used to be with the queers, Mack," Kenny said, bringing a couple more beers in from the kitchen and handing Mack one. "It's suddenly all this gay liberation shit. They're out in the streets protesting, they're flaunting their *Gay is Good* T-shirts. They're taking kung-fu and karate lessons."

The last remark Kenny made with a wide grin that made Mack flinch. Mack knew Kenny was having some playful fun; but, Mack was tired of people having a little bit of playful fun at his expense.

If he ever caught up with that balding, skinny faggot, he would castrate the bastard! Shoot the fairy in the crotch before the little queer could start any of that martial art bullshit!

"Some of the guys keep rubbing it in, huh?" Kenny asked intuitively, dropping his overweight body into his favorite chair and propping his feet up on the beer-can-littered coffee table.

"Yea," Mack admitted. Lately, Mack had decided that bald, skinny faggot wasn't the only one he would like to castrate. *Take Gabe Jackson for instance. Yea, take him a few hundred miles away and dump him!* Not that Gabe had said anything lately to Mack's face.

Mack had at least cured the bastard of that. But, Mack knew for a fact that Gabe hadn't stopped snickering behind Mack's back. What Mack would have really liked to do was lock both Gabe and that queer in a room together; let the faggot take care of Gabe; then, let Mack move in and take care of the queer.

"It'll pass," Kenny promised. "Everything gets to be old hat eventually."

"Let's hope it gets to be old hat soon," Mack said, taking a long swallow from his beer can after first popping the tab. "It's getting on my fucking nerves."

"No sign of the queer bastard that did it?" Kenny asked, already knowing the answer. The town was filled with queers. There was about as much chance of finding one particular faggot out there as there was of finding a needle in the proverbial haystack.

"No sign at all," Mack said. "However if the bastard has any smarts, he'll have left the city by now."

"Oh, well," Kenny said with a long sigh, punctuated with a low belch, "you must be pulling in more than your share of faggot flies with the new sugar you're using."

"Huh?" Mack questioned, not knowing what in the hell Kenny was talking about. Oh, he knew the meaning of faggot flies all right; but, what was this *sugar* shit?"

"The new guy," Kenny obliged. "I imagine the faggots can't wait to get their touching hands all over his crotch."

"What new guy?" Mack asked, still lost. He knew he'd sucked down a few cans of beer, but certainly not so many that his brain was getting scrambled.

"What's his name? Jackson? The new rookie that came in just before I left the station."

"Gabe Jackson you mean?"

"That's his name? Gabe?" Kenny asked, giving a shrug. "I never had time enough to get on a first-name basis with that batch."

"Who told you Jackson was on vice?" Mack asked, wondering how Kenny could have possibly gotten the idea that Gabe Jackson had been assigned to Mack's department.

"It suppose to be a secret or something?" Kenny asked, taking another deep swig of his beer, wiping his mouth off with the back of his right hand.

"If he's on vice, it's so much of a secret, *I* don't even know anything about it," Mack said.

"Hell, maybe it wasn't Jackson after all," Kenny said, figuring it was really no big deal. "It was pretty dark. Still, I thought . . . Hell, I guess it couldn't have been, could it?"

"I don't know," Mack said. "So far, I haven't been able to make heads or tails out of anything you've been saying."

"I thought I saw Jackson down on Murietta Street the other night. I figured he was out on one of your teams."

"Down on Murietta?"

"Yea, outside that gay bar on the twenty-hundred block. The *Bike 'N Leather Bar.*"

"Jackson?"

"Obviously not," Kenny said, taking on more beer. "I just assumed your boys were out trying to jail a few of the faggots. Confidentially, I thought it was about time you guys wised up and got some better looking decoys than O'Riley on your team. A queer would have to be pretty hard up before he moved in on O'Riley's age-softened prick."

"Let me get this straight. You saw Gabe Jackson outside a gay bar down on Murietta Street?"

"No. I saw someone who apparently just *looked* like Jackson. I don't think one of this city's finest would be down in that neck of the woods unless he was on assignment. There ain't no cops I know who are out looking for the kind of perverted fun and games offered at someplace like the *Bike 'N Leather Bar.* I was only driving en route to someplace else."

"Yea, you must be mistaken," Mack said, scooting further down in his chair, rolling his cool beer can back and forth between his open palms.

"Still, it wouldn't hurt you guys in that department to take on someone like Jackson. Maybe even that other kid. Manalkon? Yea, Manalkon. Both of them have got just the kind of butch looks those queers could probably really go for. You don't catch a fly with vinegar, do you, buddy? Just because a guy is a faggot doesn't mean that he likes any old cock on any old man that

comes his way. I ask you: who gets more gay arrests, you or that god-awful ugly O'Riley?"

Mack shrugged noncommittally.

Gabe Jackson hanging out after hours at a gay bar? Naw! Impossible! Mack could spot a faggot a mile off, couldn't he? Or could he? How about that butch cyclist who looked like the roughest motherfucker on two wheels. What had that guy ended up liking? Yea, cock! He liked to be on the receiving end of that cock, too.

But Jackson? Gabe Jackson? Big-mouth Jackson? Ass-hole Jackson?

"I'm ready for another beer," Kenny said, shoving himself to his feet, already beginning to forget that he'd even thought he'd seen the Jackson kid at all—God, it *had* looked like him! But it had been pretty dark, as he'd said. "How about you?"

"Me?"

"Yea, are you ready for another beer?"

"Oh, sure. A beer. Bring me one, too, will you?"

But at that particular minute, beer was one of the furthest things from Mack's mind.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Bob had led Chris out of the black room and up to one of the bedrooms on the second floor.

"Actually, I'm a bit selfish," Bob said, sitting on the large four-poster bed and giving a few trial bounces, "but I'd just as soon not share you with that group our second time out. Do you mind?"

"I don't mind," Chris said. Not that he had anything against the orgy scene that was then taking place downstairs. Because, he didn't. However, Chris still was turned on enough by Bob so that he preferred the

handsome young man to any nameless face, hand, or ass Chris might have ended up fucking in the darkness. "I'm really a little flattered."

"Of course, Uncle said he'd drop by with Rolph and say hello. However, I'm afraid I told him it was hands off, too. But if you're *really* interested in a little four-way with Brad and Rolph, I could probably be persuaded. Uncle and Rolph can be pretty hot in bed."

"I don't know why, but I *did* seem to have that impression myself," Chris said with a wide smile. He dropped into one of the chairs facing the bed. He didn't know when Brad and his hooded young friend were due, but it was obvious it was going to be shortly, since Bob showed no immediate indications that he and Chris should start something just quite yet.

"That *was* some little performance Brad and Rolph put on down there, wasn't it?" Bob commented, scooting up on the bed and propping a couple of pillows in between his back and the headboard.

"Can't say as I saw anything in anyway *little* about it," Chris said, his smile growing even wider.

"I told you Rolph was hung, didn't I?"

"Your Uncle isn't exactly Mr. Small, either."

"Tell him that, and he'll be your friend for life."

"What about Rolph?" Chris asked. "Without the hood, I mean. He's got the body. He's got the big cock. I suppose he's uglier than shit, huh?"

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" Bob said, moving a few strands of hair off his forehead with the fingers of

his right hand. "I mean, it does seem to go against all the odds to have two guys with *it all*, right here and now, under the same roof."

"No, *not* me and Rolph. I mean, you you modest bastard, *you* and Rolph. But thanks anyway."

"Flattery will get you everything."

"And, isn't that just what I'm counting on?"

"So, he's not ugly then?"

"Oh, no, Rolph isn't ugly by anyone's stretch of the imagination," Bob said. He looked as if he were going to add something more; but, he cocked his head instead, obviously listening.

Chris heard the sound of approaching voices in the hallway.

"Sounds like the two of them now," Bob said, nodding toward the closed door. "You'll be able to judge about Rolph's good looks for yourself in a few seconds."

"You mean, Rolph doesn't wear the hood permanently?"

"Like Batman or Spiderman, you mean?" Bob asked, punctuating with a laugh of genuine amusement. "No. The hood was just one of Uncle Brad's little playthings donned for effect. Actually, I imagine Rolph was beginning to feel a bit claustrophobic by the time he and Brad were through sucking each other off."

The voices beyond the door had come to a sudden stop, followed immediately by the sound of soft

tapping.

"Come on in, Uncle!" Bob said loudly. "I knew better than to get into any hot and heavy stuff until you came by to inspect the merchandise."

"Hello, my favorite nephew," Brad Langly said, opening the door and stepping into the bedroom.

But Chris's eyes had only momentarily stayed on Brad. All of Chris' attention had suddenly riveted on the young man, now un-hooded, who stood in the open doorway with the master of the house. Chris' mouth dropped in surprise.

Rolph? Rolph, hell! That handsome bastard, still dressed in leather pants still bare to his waist wasn't named Rolph anything!

Gabe. Gabe Jackson. Yes, by God, Gabe Jackson, or Chris Wanalkon was seeing Gabe Jackson's double!

But, it wasn't a double, was it! Hell, no! Chris could tell just by the expression on the attractive stud's face. Did Chris look as surprised as Gabe did?

"My God! Gabe!" Rolph said.

And, it was Gabe Jackson's voice. It had been Gabe Jackson's voice down in the dark room.

"It is Chris, goddamn it, isn't it?" Gabe asked, his surprise still evident. "By Christ, it is, isn't it?"

Chris couldn't answer. He just sat there staring.

And, Brad Langly looked from his young friend to his nephew's young friend, marveling at the superb handsomeness shared by the two, curious as to how these young men had happened to know each other

from a previous time, fantasizing how erotic it would be to see the two of them (one blond, one dark-complected), sexually interlocked on the satin sheets of his bed.

CHAPTER NINE

Chris was standing. He wore a jacket open along the front of his chest to reveal segments of his muscled pectorals and his washboarded belly. He wore jeans and boots.

Because, Gabe liked Chris dressed in open jacket, jeans, and boots.

Gabe knelt on the floor in front of Chris, wearing his police uniform, his wrists handcuffed behind his back.

Because, Gabe liked the fantasy of being a cop forced into having oral sex with a butch in off the

streets.

"Kiss my cock, cock sucker!" Chris commanded.

Because that was the way a street-wise tough would have commanded a cop to obey; and, both Gabe AND Chris enjoyed this little game.

Gabe pressed his face into Chris' crotch, feeling Chris' cock through the sandpapered thinness of the denim material still covering Chris' prick.

"My cock wants sucked on," Chris said, his pelvis grinding into Gabe's face. "And, you're going to give it what it wants. Aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," Gabe answered. *What else could he answer? He was handcuffed, wasn't he? He was at this butch stud's mercy.*

"But first, you're going to have to somehow get my monster prick out of my pants, aren't you, copper?" Chris asked. "And do you know how you're going to go about that, you uniformed pig? You're going to unbutton my pants with your teeth."

Gabe felt a shuddering surge of pleasure course through his body. It was always this way when he had sex with Chris. *And to think they had come so close to never having had sex at all.*

The jeans Chris wore had been washed so often, sandpapered so frequently, that the material was soft and pliable even around the buttons. Although it was still no easy task for Gabe to do what Chris had instructed, Gabe did manage—slowly but surely—to get all of Chris' crotch buttons undone, using only his

firm lips and occasionally his teeth.

"Know how to do it, don't you, bastard?" Chris asked, widening his stance for a bit more balance. "Got that part down pat, don't you? Well, let's see just how much you know about sucking male meat. And let's hope to hell that you're no clumsy novice; because if you are, you're going to end up pulling down those police uniform pants of yours and getting your hairy ass plugged with my big cock."

"Jesus . . . no!" Gabe begged, pretending for the moment that he was someone like Mark Cortini who would have been panic-stricken by either the thought of sucking cock or getting his anus skewered by male penis.

Chris was going to have Gabe use his mouth, teeth, and tongue to pry Chris' hard cock out of his pants; but, on second thought, Chris decided he wasn't willing to go through the frustration of any further delay. Having long been hot for Gabe's body, Chris had yet to become used to the fact that it was finally his for the taking, whenever he wanted it. So, Chris brought his own right hand into action, tugging out not only his blood-engorged cock but also his accompanying bag of cum-ballooned balls.

Chris stepped his cock into Gabe's face. He hooked his right hand around the back of Gabe's head in offered support.

Chris' cock was so placed that its uplifted belly pressed against Gabe's forehead, nose, mouth, and

chin. Gabe could smell the heady aromas that rose from the blond hair on Chris' lower belly.

"Come on, cop bastard," Chris said, anxious for the feel of Gabe's whipping tongue and warm spit. "Get to work eating my fat prick."

Gabe stuck out his tongue and lapped its broad expanse upward along the length of Chris' cock underbelly. Chris' cock meat felt warm to the touch, tasting vaguely salty.

"My cock isn't a damn lollipop made just for licking," Chris said after the tremors of pleasure, those conjured by Gabe's tongue, had finally passed. "It's a full meal that needs eating. Now, are you going to do it properly; or, am I going to have to force-feed it into your gullet?"

"Please . . . no!" Gabe said, his voice a whining pantomime of how Gabe thought Mack Cortini would probably have sounded about now if it had been Mack, that closet-case queer, who was now confronted with a command to swallow a hard hunk of male sausage.

"Eat it, fucking cop slave!" Chris commanded. "Eat it all the way down to my cum-bulged balls!"

Chris pulled Gabe's head in tighter, grinding hard cock meat and scratching pubic hair into Gabe's face. He then relieved the pressure, giving Gabe freedom to proceed.

"Suck it up, bastard," Chris said, moving so that his uplifted cock weaved back and forth on its staunch roots like some fabulously phallic metronome wand.

Gabe pursed his lips and went for the heart-shaped corona of Chris' blood-bulged cock stiffness. Gabe's lips were folded over his teeth as he sucked up first Chris' cock head and then two good inches of Chris' cock neck.

"See how easy it is?" Chris said, putting his left hand with his right one behind Gabe's head. The fingers of Chris' hands locked in the nape of Gabe's neck.

Inside of Gabe's mouth, Chris' pulpy cock corona struck Gabe's bony palate and slid toward the opening of Gabe's throat.

"Don't play fucking snail with me!" Chris said, simultaneously pulling forward on Gabe's head and bucking Chris' total cock shaft suddenly into Gabe's gullet. "Swallow . . . swallow . . . cop sucker . . . SWALLOW . . . AH . . . AH . . . JESUS . . . YESSS-SSSSSSSS!"

The swift drive of Chris' cock up Gabe's throat had forced Gabe's jaws wide. Gabe's ovaled lips clamped tight around the blond pubic hair haloing Chris' fat cock roots, and in so doing felt the pulsing of a vein somewhere within the base of Chris' erect penis.

"Ugggggghhhrrrrrrrrrrr!" Gabe growled, feigning a bit of gagging. He was, by now, familiar enough with Chris' cock—with Chris' *large* cock—so that he could easily handle even its simulated raping of his mouth and throat.

"Suck cock . . . suck cock . . . SUCK COCK!" Chris grunted, accompanying his commands with a staccato

series of partial withdrawals and violent cock thrusts. On his final withdrawal, he pulled his cock almost completely free of Gabe's mouth and then jabbed it back in so far that Gabe's nose was made to pug against the hard muscle of Chris' lower belly.

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Gabe moaned over Chris' stiffly plugging penis.

"Bite it, and I'll knock the holy shit out of you!" Chris moaned. Not that he really feared Gabe would bite him. Merely, it was a further part of the game they were playing, one more way of making it seem as if Gabe really were some innocent straight cop getting his mouth raped for the very first time.

Chris kept Gabe's head anchored deep over his prick, his hips grinding his cock even more securely into place.

Gabe contracted his throat muscles around Chris' submerged prick. There was a new flushing of pre-cum juices on his tongue.

Chris moaned. He simply couldn't control himself. Gabe's sucking warmth was a pleasure not to be believed!

Chris slowly began to pull Gabe's face back up along Chris' rock-hard prick. Gabe's lips came all of the way up to where Chris' cock head flared outward from his cock neck much like a mushroom cap flared out from its fat fungus stalk. Gabe paused only long enough to take a quick inhalation of breath; and, then he dropped once again down over Chris' cock, this time *completely*

of his own volition, with no help from Chris.

Again down around the roots of Chris' cock, Gabe wasted little time in returning back up Chris' cock neck. In fact, his head moved easily into a bucking cadence that drew Chris' prick in and then freed it almost completely of Gabe's hungry mouth. Gabe's firmly clinging lips pushed and pulled Chris' outer cock layer back and forth over the hard inner cock core.

"Oh . . . eat . . . me . . . you . . . studly . . . cop . . . cock sucker!" Chris wheezed. What with Gabe's mouth well into its bouncing rhythm over Chris' erection, the pleasure was swelling quite rapidly.

Gabe sucked, his lips gumming first the roots of Chris cock and then Chris' pulpy cock head. His tongue wrapped and rewrapped Chris' hard cock shaft, beating the warm-stiff cock shanks until the tubing leaked more and more preseminal juices.

The fantasy of the neophyte cop cock sucker working over Chris' cock was easily lacking some validity now that Gabe's expert eating betrayed the fact that this was no novice who was orally humping Chris' sex meat. God, no! This was a real pro! Gabe knew just what to do. Just when and how to do it. There had been no *real* gagging anywhere along the way; and, there was no gagging now.

Gabe was enjoying just too much to pretend to the point of ridiculousness that he was an inexperienced cock sucker like Mack Cortini. There was just some-

thing infinitely too thrilling about taking in Chris' cock that made Gabe want to lavish this stiff meat with all the cock sucking talent Gabe could muster for the occasion. In fact, Gabe couldn't think of a cock he would more rather suck on than this one. Maybe it all had something to do with the fact that he had desired this particular cock for so long that he hadn't really yet gotten over the miracle that it was his for the taking.

"Eat me . . . eat me . . . fucking, yes, eat me," Chris grunted breathlessly his hips having assumed a decidedly marked back-and-forth movement that coincided with Gabe's sucking cadence. Chris' hands, still on Gabe's head, rode with the steady up-and-down rhythm of Gabe's sucking face.

Gabe ate, continuing to be excited by the bounce of his face over Chris' cock; by the fact that he was handcuffed and on his knees; by the fact that he was a policeman, one of the city's finest, sucking on one of the city's finest cocks.

"Oh, Jesus, copper, my nuts are boiling . . . boiling . . . boiling," Chris groaned, his hips bouncing faster, his hands going tighter against the back of Gabe's head.

There were several ways Gabe might have kept Chris' climax from coming on quite so fast as it was. And Gabe would have done them, too, if he hadn't been so hungry for the flooding taste of Chris' blasting spermal cream. Gabe might have gummed his lips down hard into that groove formed by the blossoming of

Chris' cock head from Chris' cock neck, causing a temporary deadening of the building pleasure. He might have let his teeth begin a sudden scraping, the resulting pain temporarily canceling out some of the pleasure. He might have pulled his face completely free on one of his upward bounces over Chris' cock; something he felt he could still succeed in doing despite the fact that Chris' hands rode the back of his head. But, Gabe did none of those things. Hell, no! Why cut off his own nose to spite his face? And at that moment, Gabe was just as anxious to accept Chris' ejaculating sperm as Chris was anxious to spew it.

"Ugh . . . ugh . . . ugh," Chris grunted, feeling his ecstasy build and build and build.

Inside of Gabe's mouth, Chris' cock was throbbing, undergoing those last pleasurable swellings before that final orgasmic shudder that would allow Chris' cock to play cannon in shooting Chris' hot-wet shots of cum into Gabe's awaiting mouth and throat.

"Oh . . . you . . . cop cock sucking . . . cop cock sucker," Chris said, his head dropping back on his neck, his eyes shutting. "Oh . . . you . . . stud cop . . . stud cop . . . bastard, stud cop!"

Gabe continued his hungry eating, siphoning Chris' cock deep into his throat, feeling the compacted grapefruit-size mass of Chris' scrotum squashing beneath the firm pressing of Gabe's chin.

"Aaaaagh . . . fuck face . . . fuck . . . fuck . . . cop face," Chris moaned gutturally, his hips swinging into

even faster gear.

Chris was grunting and groaning in the final stages of buildup to his orgasm. His pumping speed and power kept increasing until Chris, even lost within his own world of pleasure, could still wonder at how Gabe wasn't choking on Chris' stiffly poling prick.

Gabe was now sucking with complete and utter abandonment, groaning occasionally around the thrusting thickness of Chris' cock. Inside of Gabe's pants, his cock was hard, leaking juices which had already sopped through the front of his underwear and was staining the inside of Gabe's police uniform trousers.

"Oh, sweet . . . sweet . . . Jesus!" Chris squealed loudly, feeling his load of hot male cum beginning to boil up and out of his testicles. With one final, jerking, spasm, Chris plowed his cock deep into place. "I'm cumming, you cop sucking cop sucker . . . I'm cummmming . . . I'm cummmmmmmming . . . Ugh . . . Ugh . . . Jesus . . . Christ . . . I'm . . . fucking-A . . . CUMMMMMING AAAGGGHHHHHRREEEIIIII!"

Chris' cum began its endless spouting, jettisoning on and on and on into Gabe's repeatedly swallowing throat. More and more of the wild spermal gushings came thick, and white, and spewing hot.

"Aaaagghhhrrrgggrrrrr!" Gabe gargled on his sudden mouthful as he swallowed . . . swallowed . . . swallowed . . . in order to take each and every drop of the sexual ambrosia Chris was prepared to feed him.

Gabe's belly filled quickly with the delicious richness of Chris' sexual cream.

"Ughhhhh!" Chris grunted as the last of his cum oozed free of his stiff cock and was wiped away by Gabe's licking tongue.

Chris drew back his hips, freeing Gabe's head. Chris' spit- and cum-drenched penis slipped completely free, weaving slightly after having done so.

"I'm dry!" Chris breathed heavily, using his hands to aim Gabe's face upward. "My balls have been sucked clean, you bastard!"

"This is Gabe you're talking to, buddy," Gabe said with a wide smile. "I know better than to believe you've been milked clean after just one suck. For Christ's sake, your cock isn't even showing signs of going soft yet."

Chris helped Gabe get to his feet and then kissed him, savoring the taste of Chris' sperm which lingered on Gabe's lips and on his tongue.

"How would you like to handcuff me to the bed and fuck the living shit out of me?" Chris asked at the breaking of the embrace.

"I could think of nothing I'd rather do than just that," Gabe said, his smile going wider and then suddenly converting to a frown as the telephone began ringing.

"Goddamn, fucking, Christ, who is that, I wonder?" Chris groaned disgustedly.

"How about if I give you two guesses?" Gabe said.

No one could be more upset about this interruption than Gabe was. Gabe's cock was as stiff as a board, having gone harder when Chris had offered up those visions of his lovely naked body handcuffed ass-up on the bed.

"Maybe I just won't answer it," Chris said, knowing that he would *have* to answer it. Gabe knew Chris would have to answer it, too.

"You're on call this weekend, aren't you?" Gabe asked. "Don't answer, and I guarantee you there will be all holy hell to pay come Monday."

"Fuck the police department!" Chris said, still letting the phone ring without answering it.

"I would have settled for fucking just one cop," Gabe said. He gave a long, audible sigh. "Go on, stud. Answer it, and get the bad news."

Chris, albeit reluctantly, went to the phone and lifted its receiver.

"Wanalkon here," Chris said into the mouthpiece. There followed a few minutes of complete silence as Chris listened to the voice on the other end, during which time Chris gave Gabe a frown that only confirmed the worst. "Okay," Chris said finally, dropping the receiver back on its cradle.

"Duty calls, huh?" Gabe asked, trying to convince himself that he and Chris had the rest of their lives to suck each other's cock and fuck each other's ass.

"Jamison is down sick. I have to sub for him."

"Looks like I'll have to take a rain check on that ass-

fuck," Gabe said.

"Goddamn Jamison!" Chris said, thoroughly disgusted. He had wanted his ass plugged by Gabe's fat cock just as much as Gabe had wanted to plug it.

"I believe there's something about not crying over spilled milk," Gabe said stoically. "Maybe you'd better get these handcuffs off me and get your ass on down to the station, huh?"

Chris unlocked the handcuffs and went to the closet to get his shirt. When he turned around, Gabe was sitting dejectedly in a chair.

"Maybe I should call back and say I'm sick, too?" Chris suggested, first removing his jacket and then putting on his shirt.

"Naw," Gabe said with a smile. "It's not like we won't both live to suck and fuck another day, is it?"

"I just feel a little guilty leaving you here with full nuts after you so successfully drained mine."

"I'll get back at you, don't worry," Gabe said. "You just run along and play at being a policeman. If you don't mind, I'll stick around here and play a few of your records on the stereo or something."

"Stay as long as you like. And, you know where the vibrators are, just in case you want to release some of that pressure in your balls without me."

"You'd better get on out of here before I change my mind and rape your studly policeman ass on the spot," Gabe said with an accompanying laugh.

"Ciao, buddy," Chris said.

"Ciao," Gabe echoed, staying in the chair until long after Chris had left. He then got up, well aware that his cock was still rock hard, his balls still cum-stuffed, in his trousers.

Gabe went to the bed, sitting down on the edge of it. Without really thinking, he found himself reaching for the phone. He dialed first Brad and then Bob Langly, getting no answer at either place. But then, it was Saturday night, wasn't it? Both Brad and Bob were probably out on the town, cruising and having a few drinks. Gabe decided it might be kind of fun to go down to the bars again. He hadn't been there since he'd taken up regularly with Chris.

Gabe went to the closet and picked out a pair of pants and a shirt which he changed into. He then left Chris' apartment, figuring to check out the *Stud Bar* first; and, if he found neither Brad nor Bob there, then he'd move on to the *Bike 'N Leather* on Murietta. Whatever sex he found—if he found any—wouldn't be half as good as it would have been with Chris. *But it sure as hell would beat having no sex at all!*

CHAPTER TEN

Mack Cortini was angry. He could feel the blood rushing hot and heavy into his face even as he told himself to be cool, be calm, be collected.

But, hell, how could any decent, normal, human being be calm, cool, or collected when confronted by this pack of perverted degenerates?

He was tempted to pull out his I.D. and arrest this cheeky little bastard right here and now. Wouldn't that take the silly-ass grin off the kid's face? But making an arrest would label Mack a cop forever after;

and, he didn't want anyone to know he was a cop—not yet anyway.

"Well?" the kid said. "What do you say?"

What did Mack say? What did he say? By God, he had plenty to say, and he was mighty tempted to say it. As soon as he got over the shock. As soon as he could find his voice again.

"That's him over there," the kid said, nodding toward a stool in the corner.

And, Mack, in spite of a conscious effort not to, found himself looking at the attractive man wearing jeans and a T-shirt. Mack then looked back at the kid. Yea, it was possible that the two were related. Nephew and uncle: queer. The idea boggled Mack's mind. And the very idea that the two were actually inviting Mack home to share the same bed was more than a little revolting. As if homosexuality wasn't bad enough, these freaks threw in a little incest on the side—just for kicks.

"Come on," Bob said. *Yea, he'd mentioned his name was Bob. His uncle's name was Bran, or Brad, or something like that.* "The two of us can take care of that hard prick of yours."

And Mack was further embarrassed by having this faggot call attention to the fact that Mack's cock *was* hard. Mack would just as soon have forgotten that. Not that he in any way attributed his hard cock to his surroundings. Christ, no! Shit, he woke up every morning with a hard-on with no one around but

himself, didn't he? So, that just went to show that his cock would have probably been stiff at that moment, no matter where in the hell he'd been: whether at home, at a movie, or wherever. The fact that he was seated at the bar in the *Bike 'N Leather* was purely a coincidence.

"Let me think about it," Mack said, hearing his voice coming out low and strained. Shit, it didn't even sound like his voice. "I'm waiting for someone."

And, wasn't that the truth? Yea, he sure as hell was waiting for someone. And as soon as that fairy Gabe Jackson stepped through the door, all holy shit was going to hit the fan. Because Mack had all intentions of hauling Gabe Jackson's ass right back to the station house and telling everyone just where fairy Jackson had been hanging out. And if anyone asked what in the fuck Mack was doing spending his day off in a fag bar, he'd have Kenny Daniels backing up with his story about having seen Jackson here before.

"Suit yourself," Bob Langly said with a shrug. "Why not bring your friend along, and we could make it a hot and heavy four-way."

"Yea, maybe," Mack replied noncomittally. Was he beginning to sweat? If not, what in the fuck was that wet feeling he was getting down the center of his chest and beneath his armpits?

"I sure hope so," Bob said, giving Mack a wink. "I know two people who are mighty anxious to wrap their mouths and asses around that monster cock of yours."

Mack shuddered. He actually shuddered. It was all he could do to keep from grabbing this kid by the collar and shaking the shit out of him. What in the hell was an attractive young kid like this one doing here, talking so fucking filthy? Jesus, the kid didn't even look like a faggot. He looked downright normal. So, why in the hell was he here now, propositioning Mack when he should have been out trying to get his cock into some broad's cunt? Was it his uncle who had turned the kid sour? Mack looked back at Brad, or Bran, or whatever the uncle's name was. He found it disconcerting that the uncle didn't look any more queer than his nephew did.

"Okay," Bob said, putting his hand on Mack's left thigh in a friendly but intimate manner that made Mack go even more sweaty, "I'll leave you in peace and let you wait for your friend. But keep the invitation in mind, won't you?"

"Sure, kid," Mack said, wishing the guy would just move on before Mack slugged him one in his attractive choppers.

So, Bob left, drifting back to the stool next to the one Brad occupied in the shadows. Mack turned his attention back to his beer. He drained the bottle, motioning for another. Christ, how many beers had he drunk since he'd gotten here? He tended to drink a lot when he got nervous. He was nervous now. Still, he didn't feel drunk. He certainly didn't want to get plastered here, did he? He wanted to walk out of here under his

own speed and not with the aid of a couple of groping fairies. God, he didn't want to pass out and wake up in bed with some queer uncle and nephew.

Sick! Sick! Sick! These people should all be put away! It just wasn't natural to prefer a man's ass or his mouth to a woman's pussy. It . . . just . . . wasn't . . . fucking . . . normal!

And, to think that that faggoty bastard probably thought Mack's cock was hard because Mack was a horny queer! Jesus!

The new beer arrived. Mack drained a good half of it in one swallow, hoping the cool flow of slightly bitter liquid would somehow cut down the heat Mack was experiencing.

Mack nervously glanced at his wristwatch. Goddamn, but it was only about fifteen minutes since he had looked the last time. He had thought for sure he'd been here for hours and hours and hours.

WHAT IN THE HELL WAS HE DOING HERE? Looking for Gabe Jackson? Yea, that's what he had told himself, hadn't he? He would trap Gabe Jackson in a gay bar, pay the bastard back once and for all for those snickers and snide remarks. Hell, no wonder Gabe had been so hot to extol the prowess of that bald, skinny queer. Gabe was bragging up the queer because Gabe was a queer himself.

Jack took another swig of beer, telling himself that he should get the hell out of here. Even if Gabe were a queer from the word go, what made Mack think that

Gabe was going to show up at this particular bar on this particular night? And, wasn't Mack just grabbing at straws anyway? Hell, Kenny Daniels himself had said he'd obviously made a mistake. Jackson? The queer Kenny had seen probably wasn't even Jackson at all. It had probably been some faggoty creep who didn't look anything like Gabe Jackson once you got him into the light.

Jackson a fairy? Hell, Mack must have been pretty desperate to even allow himself that hope. Shit, Jackson didn't even look like a fag.

But then the kid who had just propositioned Gabe didn't look like a fag, either, did he? Neither did the kid's uncle.

But, Gabe Jackson was a policeman! A cop, for Christ's sake! One of the city's finest! You couldn't be a cop and a queer at the same time, could you? Well, could you?

More beer. Drain the bottle. Put it on the counter. Get up and leave.

So, why was he motioning for another bottle? Why wasn't he leaving? If Gabe Jackson wasn't a queer—and Mack suddenly thought that Jackson was probably no more a queer than Mack was—then what held Mack glued to this bar stool? If Mack wasn't expecting to find Gabe, what *was* he expecting to find?

Was Mack experiencing the precarious thrilling known by a strange person in a strange and slightly threatening land? Because, all of this was strange and

theatening to Mack, wasn't it? Mack had only been in a few gay bars, usually working with a partner. He had never entered one alone. It was different alone. Mack felt exceptionally more vulnerable. He didn't like the feeling, but it was somehow titillating all the same.

So, here was Mack's new beer. A whole new bottle of beer. One more of how many bottles he had already drunk?

Funny: Mack Cortini in a gay bar. Sitting there. One straight among a sea of perverts. More than a little frightening. Yea, frightening. Strange that Mack could admit that. But he could. Because, some of these men (gay guys, or why else were they here?), looked like they could handle themselves in any fight. And if one skinny, bald faggot could lay Mack low in a department store can, then what about a couple of these perverts? What would they do if they knew Mack was one of those hated cops? A cop here alone! Mack shivered at the thought and took another swig of beer.

How many homosexuals there were in this one bar! And, how many other bars were there in this city, in this state, in this country, in this world? Frightening! Yea, frightening all right!

So, it was fear rather than excitement Mack was feeling, wasn't it? It was easier to accept the fear (every cop could understand that), than it was to accept even the possibility of excitement. Because, who could know excitement in a queer bar except a queer?

And, Mack wasn't a queer, was he? Hell, no! He'd

fucked women. Sure, he had. Queers didn't fuck women, did they? Queers hated women. Mack didn't hate women. But, did Mack really *like* women? *Really* like them? If he did, why wasn't he married? Why didn't he have a steady girl friend now? What was he doing on his day off, sitting in a gay bar, when he should have been somewhere balling some mewling broad silly?

Mack focused in on his reflection cast back by the smoky mirror behind the bar. He saw his face framed by a statue of a Michelangelo *David* (with an enlarged penis; with a motorcycle hat pulled down rakishly over one eye), and a warmer for peanuts, cashews, and almonds. And, what did Mack see? Certainly not a queer: not those masculine, rugged features! So, what if he'd had a crush (not a very big one, not a very long-lasting one, either), on his high school coach? A lot of kids had those kind of attachments. Nothing ever came of them.

Get up Mack! Get up, and get your ass out of here! You're playing with fire! How? How playing with fire? It was all a bunch of bullshit about homosexuality catching like a disease. You didn't walk into a gay bar, catch the germ, and wake up the next morning queer. It wasn't something that happened to you overnight. You either were or you weren't. And, Mack wasn't! Because if he was, he would have done something by now, wouldn't he have? God knows, he'd been in ideal positions to get a little queer action, hadn't he? How

many times had those queer fairies offered to go down on his cock, or bare their collective ass for his cock if Mack would only turn his head the other way and not arrest them? And, how many times had Mack succumbed to the temptation? Huh? None! Zero! Zilch! A big, fat donut hole! That's how many! So, how could he sit here now even questioning his own masculinity? How, huh? Obviously, he was drunk. That had to be it, didn't it? He'd had one drink too many.

Mack glanced toward the back of the room, wondering what obscene things were happening back there in the shadows. If the bright lights were suddenly flashed into those dark corners, what lewd obscenities would be suddenly brought into view? How many mouths were going down on how many hard cocks, right here, right now? How many pairs of pants were dropped to reveal how many cheeky buttocks jabbed with how many queer cocks?

Why was Mack's cock hard? Why was it drooling juices into his undershorts?

And, what about that kid in the park? There had been a lot of kids in a lot of parks, hadn't there? So, why remember this particular kid? Huh, Mack, huh? Was he remembering because when he had offered to wrap his young lips around Mack's cock, Mack had almost—almost, almost, almost—let him do it? And, Mack had felt so damned guilty about *almost* giving in that he had let the kid go. Yea, he had let him go. Mack had let very few people go in his career; but, there had

been some, hadn't there? The kid in the park. That other kid in the john at the playfield. That kid who had been hustling the streets at night. All of them queer. All of them having offered to do "something special" for the arresting officer.

"Come on, man. I get fifty bucks for my head; and, I'll swing on your cock free—*if you just let me go.*"

"I've got a virgin ass. Virgin. I'll let you fuck it, though—*if you'll just let me go.*"

"Jesus, I'll let you do anything—*anything*, you know?—*if you'll just let me go.*"

And, he had let them go, hadn't he? Those few out of the many. Those queers who had offered and somehow managed to tempt Mack where the others had offered but not really tempted at all. But, Mack had never fucked one of them, never let one of them suck his cock, never let one of them touch him. Never! Never! What he'd later fantasized, alone in his bedroom, didn't count, did it? How could it count? Your own hand wasn't another guy's mouth or ass hole, no matter how many times you might pretend that it was!

Get out of this bar, Mack! Get up, and get out. Finish off this last beer and . . . *He hadn't ordered another one!*

"I didn't order that."

"It's from Bob."

A beer from Bob. A beer from a queer. Bob with his gay uncle who sucked little nephew's big, hard cock, who screwed little nephew's small, tight ass hole. Bob

who looked like which of the others? Like the one in the park? No, that kid had been blond. Like the one in the playfield john? No, he had had big, wide eyes, delicate, almost feminine good looks. Like the hustler on the street? Possibly. Same black hair. Same black eyes. Same knowing look. Same aura of promises to be fulfilled.

Mack slid off the bar stool, surprised when his legs—for just a split second—didn't seem to want to support him. Thank God, though, that they didn't buckle but held firm!

Mack gave one more look in the mirror, deciding he didn't look drunk. Still, he knew he'd had way too much to drink; because, he'd conjured up things from his mind which only came to his conscious memory when he was looped.

Out. He had to get out.

Mack left Bob's beer untouched on the bar. He wouldn't drink it. He wouldn't be obligated to anything for a sixty-cent beer. God, no! Why should he succumb to temptation now just because some faggot wanted in his pants and was willing to put down the price of a beer to enhance his chances?

Mack was going home. To bed. To his own bed. And if he fucked male mouth or male ass, it would only be in his mind. And that didn't really count, did it? Thinking didn't make you a faggot. Bob and his uncle weren't queers because they *thought* about how it would be going to bed together. Hell, no! They were

faggots because they actually got into bed together, actually fucked each other's ass, actually sucked each other's cock.

Mack made it through the maze of people, waiting fearfully for a faggot hand to brush against his swollen crotch (did he actually *want* to be groped?). But, he ran the gauntlet without a mishap. And, he pushed open the door and stepped into the night air.

Free! Jesus, he was free!

He leaned against the building, gulping in the fresh air, thankful that he had escaped the smoke, the crush, the muscled bodies, the youth called Bob, the uncle called Brad or Bran or whatever.

Mack pushed himself away from the wall, heading off down the sidewalk. His car was parked just down the street. See, he couldn't have been too drunk, or he would never have remembered where he'd parked his car. And he *did* remember. He could see it now. It was just a couple of cars beyond the figure who was then walking toward him in the shadows of the sidewalk.

And, the approaching figure looked somehow familiar. Where had Mack seen the young man before? In a park, in a john, hustling the street, in a bar? No, not this one. This one was closer to home. This one was a cop like Mack was a cop.

Mack started walking faster.

Gabe Jackson. Gabe Jackson. Goddamn, fucking, queer, faggot, Gabe Jackson. And, Kenny Daniels had been right the first time.

A QUEER COP! GODDAMN, BUT MACK WOULD KILL THE SONOFABITCH'N FAGGOT BASTARD! OH, YES, HE'D KILL HIM!

And, Gabe knew that he'd been spotted, didn't he? Look at the shock of recognition on his face! Just look at his dark, attractive eyes go wide, his sensuous mouth drop open!

Didn't expect to be seeing Mack Cortini down here on faggot row, did you, Jackson? Hell, no!

"Cortini?"

Hell, yes, it was Cortini! It was Mack Cortini! And Mack Cortini knew Gabe Jackson's little secret, didn't he?

"You faggoty bastard!" Mack screamed and moved in for the kill.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

This shouldn't have been happening. If Mack hadn't been so looped with beer, it *wouldn't* have happened, either. Policemen didn't just get kidnapped right off the street, did they? Not even by another policeman. And, Mack had been kidnapped. By a policeman. By queers. Set upon. Knocked unconscious (he still had the pain at the base of his neck), pushed into a car, blindfolded, tied, and taken where? The setting was literally out of some horror movie. It looked just like a torture chamber, a medieval dungeon complete with

slimy walls. It was all like a very bad dream. Mack shook his head in order to wake up; if it was a dream, it tenaciously stuck with him.

"You'll never get away with this," Mack said, looking up at Gabe Jackson. Gabe was the only one Mack knew for sure was involved. Mack knew there had been others who had jumped him from behind; but, he'd never gotten a good look at them. "You don't just pick a cop up off the street without some repercussions.

Mack was in a kneeling position on the floor, his head and hands locked in the holes of a wooden frame, much like a criminal would be locked in a pillory. His ankles, forced wide apart, were somehow attached to the floor. By the feel of it, Mack could guess they had used chains. It had only been during the last couple of minutes that Mack had begun to come around. Everything was a bit hazy from the time he had gone after Gabe Jackson on the sidewalk up until the here and now.

"We've got plenty of time," Jackson said. He stood, arms folded across his chest, his ass leaned up against a table. "This is only Saturday night. You're not due back at the station house for duty until Tuesday morning. So, who's going to miss you until then, huh? You're not even on call. You don't have a wife. You don't have any kids. Why don't you have a wife and kids, Mack? I mean, a butch stud like you without a family kind of seems like a duck without water, doesn't it?"

"I don't know what you and your friends are up to Jackson (where are your friends, by the way?), but you're not going to get away with it."

"Big, butch, macho, Cortini!" Gabe said, more than a little sarcastically. "I think you'd be well to take stock of your present situation before you start making threats. I mean, a man bound and naked certainly . . ."

Naked! Mack didn't hear the rest of Gabe's sentence, because he was too struck by the sudden revelation that he *was* naked. His head thrust as it was through the hole in the wooden frame, Mack hadn't been able to see the rest of his body. But, yes, there was no doubt about it. He was naked, his ass jutting back like some bitch in heat, his balls dangling down toward the black tile of the floor.

Goddamn it, his cock was hard! It was! It was! Mack could tell without even seeing it!

Mack blushed, remembering how they had stripped him of his clothes. How a voice—a somehow familiar voice—had said: "See, his prick is still just as hard as it was in the bar." So, whoever Gabe had used as accomplices, one of them, at least, had been in the bar when Mack had been in there. They had possibly followed Mack out into the street, seen him take after Gabe, and they'd come to Gabe's rescue.

But, whose idea was it to kidnap Mack, bring him here? Mack's subconscious rang with a mixture of conversation and bits of conversation he'd heard while

he'd been en route to this place.

"Let's get the hell out of here!"

"Who in the hell is that bastard?"

"We have to take him with us?" *Mack was pretty sure Gabe had said that.*

"With us? Why, for Christ's sake?"

"I'll explain later."

"Take him where?"

"Just help me get him into my car, will you? I'll think of something then."

So, they had brought him here—wherever *here* was—and they had stripped him of his clothes, and they had chained his ankles to the floor, and they had anchored his head and his hands through this wooden pillory.

"Cortini, do you know that your cock is hard?" Gabe asked finally, making Mack's face flush with anger. "Did you know that you sat for hours, displaying your hard cock through your pants crotch in a gay bar? Hours, Cortini! Virtual hours! What do you think that says about you?"

"Don't go trying to read more into it than there is," Mack said. "You queers have the tendency of trying to make the whole world queer. Well, let me tell you, not every male is a closet case."

"Are you a closet case?" Gabe asked.

And, the bastard dropped his right hand to his crotch and started rubbing. Goddamn if Mack could get free, he'd show this bastard the difference between

a gay and a straight in a fair fight.

"You are fucking crazy!" Mack said, since it was more than apparent that he was trapped right where he was until someone deigned to let him go. And, they would have to let him go eventually, wouldn't they? Gabe couldn't keep him here forever. Mack would eventually be missed. There would be people out looking for him. But even if anyone had witnessed Mack's abduction outside of that gay bar, who was there who would connect that with a missing policeman? Mack hadn't even told Kenny Daniels where he was heading.

A door opened somewhere. Mack heard it rather than saw it. The door shut. There were footsteps. Well, maybe Mack could talk some sense into this newcomer, where he couldn't apparently impress upon Gabe the serious nature of this kidnapping.

"Here's the camera," someone said. *The voice sounded familiar.*

"Good," Gabe replied, smiling. "Snap a few pictures of our friend here, making sure that you keep his huge erection in focus. We want everybody to know that Mack Cortini is having a good time here."

"Good time, hell!" Mack spat out vindictively. flinching as the unseen newcomer began snapping pictures, using a camera with a flash attachment.

"How many straight guys do you know who would have a hard-on under these circumstances, huh, Cortini?" Gabe asked and gave a smile.

"If you're insinuating what I think you are, you are

full of shit!" Mack countered. His renewed struggles only managed to chafe his neck and wrists, as well as rattle a few chains.

"Am I?" Gabe asked, real amusement evident in his voice. "You know, Cortini, I've seen the way you sneak glances in the shower and locker rooms down at the station."

"You are fucking sick, Jackson!" Mack shouted. "I mean you . . . are . . . *really* . . . sick!"

"Then, what does that make you and your erect prick, Cortini? AOK?"

The flash went off again, this time temporarily blinding Mack.

"Goddamn it, Jackson!" Mack said loudly. "This little joke of yours has gone far enough. And, tell your friend here to take that camera of his and shove it!"

"Oh, I want pictures, Cortini," Gabe said, obviously unfazed. "And, what do you think the guys at the station are going to say when I flash a few eight-by-ten glossies of you and your hard-on around?"

"They'll see I'm tied, that's what they'll see!"

"And, they'll see that big, blood-bloated cock of yours, too, won't they?"

"Jackson, what in the hell is it you're trying to prove? If you think for one minute that I'm queer just because I've got a hard prick, you are plain crazy! And if you think anyone is going to believe that I'm queer just because you've hooked me up in this contraption, with or without my erection, you've got another think

coming."

"Do I? Well, what about when they hear the tapes?"

"What tapes?"

"The ones where you're squealing how you love the feel of my hard cock up your asshole. The ones where you're begging me to fuck your hairy ass harder . . . and harder . . . and harder."

"You can't come up with a tape that will pass inspection, Jackson," Mack said. "There are ways, as you well know, of distinguishing between the genuine article and a fake."

"Oh, but these tapes are going to be genuine enough, Cortini. And, so are the photographs of you getting your ass fucked."

"Listen, Jackson," Mack said, trying to sound reasonable. "Enough is enough, huh? Now, you've had your little joke; so, why not untie me? And if we have any real difficulties, we can surely discuss them man to man. What do you say?"

"You mean, you're actually willing to talk to a queer, man to man?"

"I don't really think you're a queer," Mack said, giving a nervous little laugh. "I think, for once, I might have been a little hasty."

"Oh, I'm gay, all right," Gabe said, his hand still rubbing his crotch to an even larger bulging.

"Look, I'm sorry about having called you a faggot," Mack said, ignoring Gabe's admission.

Gabe couldn't be queer! Because he had just

threatened to fuck Mack's ass! And if he were queer, then the chances were very good that he might do just that! Mack got a sympathetic paining in his rectum.

"Why be sorry?" Gabe asked. "You called me one. I am one. I called you one. You are one."

"I'm not a faggot!" Mack said loudly, between gritted teeth. He was about to lose his temper.

"Then, why do you have that hard cock of yours?"

"What in the fuck does my hard cock have to do with any of this!" Mack bellowed, his patience strained to the breaking point. "I got an erection once while watching the monkeys masturbate at the zoo; but, that sure as hell didn't mean I was all hot to climb into the cage and join them."

"Interesting comparison," Gabe admitted with a wide grin.

"Come on, Jackson! Come on! Be reasonable! Get me out of this damn contraption, give me a cold beer, and the two of us can laugh our silly heads off about all of this."

"One, I'm not going to turn you loose. Two, I wouldn't give you another beer, since you've already had more than your share this evening; and, fucking a real drunk can be a pretty unexciting business. Three, you're in store for a lot more this evening than just a few laughs."

"You're not serious!"

"Just to show you how serious I am, Cortini, why don't you take a look at what I've worked up for you?"

Gabe's fingers found the zipper of his trousers and pulled down. His hand went immediately into the breach.

"Oh, shit, man, don't do this," Mack groaned. *Did his voice sound as pathetic to Gabe as it did to his own ears?* "Please."

Gabe's fingers, having hooked around the neck of his lust-ballooned cock, now pulled his sexual stake out into the open.

Mack breathed a helpless sigh of fear and frustration. It was also a sigh of genuine awe. Granted, Mack had seen Gabe's cock on several occasions in its flaccid state; but, the prick must have gained a good three inches during erection.

"See," Gabe said, giving his lengthy cock an upward milking stroke that coaxed a mess of preseminal juices out of the deep cock eye. Gabe used the flat of his thumb to smear the moisture over his pulpy penis head. "You aren't the only guy in the room who's turned on by all of this."

"You're sick!" Mack moaned. "Jesus, Jackson, you must *suspect* how sick you are?"

Gabe left his position against the table and walked over so that his cock was weaving back and forth only a few inches in front of Mack's face. While Mack watched, Gabe scooped back into his trousers and hefted his cum-engorged balls out of their resting. Gabe's testicles and their containing scrotum flowed downward between Gabe's thighs, finally coming to a

jarring stop. The scrotal skin shifted around Gabe's huge balls, its covering strands of dark hair moving like buoys on the high seas.

"Next time Cortini here licks his chops in anticipation, get a picture of it, won't you?" Gabe said to his companion with the camera. "But kindly keep my head out of the frame. When the guys back at the station get a look at these photos, I don't want them identifying me as the guy showing Cortini here such a good time."

"Bastard! Bastard!" Mack spat, trying (although, he knew his efforts were futile), to get himself free of his compromising position.

"Here, why don't I give you a real close-up?" Gabe said. He pulled his cock down to a position that was perpendicular to his belly. His unsheathed cock corona was just a fraction of an inch from Mack's lips.

Mack tried to pull back. The wooden collar around his neck cut into the back of his head and into his Adam's apple. But even as he was trying to get away, his eyes were strangely mesmerized by Gabe's jutting penis.

"Watch," Gabe said, letting his hand slide down his cock neck toward his belly and then move back again toward the rubbery cock crown. More liquid oozed from his prick eye. "My cock is so excited, it's weeping in anticipation."

"You . . . are . . . disgusting!" Mack hissed. He felt that if he pulled back any harder he would dislocate his

head from his neck.

"Don't protest so much, Cortini," Gabe said, rocking his hips further forward so that his moist cock tip was almost—but not quite—touching Mack's lips. "There's no one here you have to put up an act for. Everyone knows you're a queer just like the rest of us."

Gabe pushed his cock into Mack's face, smashing his pulpy cockhead against Mack's mouth, leaving a slick trailing of preseminal juices on Mack's lips, teeth, and gums. Simultaneously, the camera flash went off.

"Noooooooo!" Mack bellowed, keeping his teeth clenched shut so that Gabe's obscene penis couldn't penetrate into Mack's mouth and throat.

Mack's hands moved spasmodically into fists, each fist trying unsuccessfully to pull free of the wooden collar that contained it.

Using his right hand, Gabe ran his cockhead from left to right along the part between Mack's mouth, leaving a sticky gloss of natural lubricant on Mack's lips.

"Why don't you open up Mack?" Gabe asked. "You know you want to suck this cock, just like you've wanted to suck all those cocks in all those locker rooms. Remember, I've seen how you watch Chris Wanalkon every time he strips down. I'll bet you'd open wide if this were Chris' cock, wouldn't you?"

"You perverted shit!" Mack accused, his teeth still clamped shut, trying to remember if and when he had ever looked at Chris Wanalkon in any manner which

would have led Gabe to his present distortion. Sure, he'd looked. Who hadn't? Chris Wanalkon had the kind of blond, butch, good looks that had everyone looking and wishing they had them. Not sexually *had.* Just *had,* like, *had a boy like . . .*

Gabe laughed and stepped back, watching as a string of translucent lubricant temporarily formed a web-like bridge between Gabe's cockhead and Mack's mouth. The thin thread sagged deep in the middle, finally breaking, most of it swinging back toward Mack to leave a snail-like trailing along the man's chin.

"You should have really opened up, you know, Cortini?" Gabe said, milking for some more juices, smearing the results along his cock neck. "Because if I can't get my cock in that hole, then there's another hole that's not quite so heavily guarded."

"Jackson, for Christ's sake . . . don't do this!"

"Down deep inside, you want me to do it, don't you, Cortini? Down *deep,* I mean?"

"No. No. No!" But even as Mack denied it, he experienced a lewd twirling in the pit of his belly.

The kid with the camera finally moved into range, where Mack could see him.

Christ, no wonder his voice had sounded familiar! It was the kid from the bar. Bob. And, Bob had an uncle that wanted Mack to come back home for a hot three-way. So, where in the hell was the uncle now? Waiting in the wings to join the rape once it got started?

"You had better tell your buddy here that he's got

himself into bad trouble," Mack said, speaking directly to Bob. "You better tell him that he's going to only make things worse by even *pretending* he's going to fuck my ass."

And, all the while, Mack was tasting Gabe's pre-cum juice smeared on his lips, on his gums, on his tongue. He shivered, disappointed that the flavor was mildly salty and not as vitriolic as it should have been. Juices that were never supposed to be eaten shouldn't have tasted quite this undisgusting.

"You know," Bob said, taking up a position where it would be possible to get any good camera shots Gabe required, "I'd be more inclined to believe your protests if your cock wasn't so fucking hard. But, mister, you've been carrying that stiff prick around with you for most of the night; and, it would seem to me—if you were having the wretched time that you pretend—that your cock, by now, would have been drooping like a sail with no wind."

"I'm a cop, kid," Mack said, still figuring that he might get through to Bob where he hadn't been able to get through to Gabe. "A cop! Understand? I arrest guys for doing what you're doing. Ask Jackson here how many faggots I've put behind bars. If I were gay, do you think I'd go around arresting my own kind?"

"Cortini, how many of those gays ended up going free after they went down on your cock or sat on your big, fat prick?" Gabe asked. He had moved out of Mack's line of vision. He was standing, looking down

at the back of Mack's kneeling body, especially noticing the continued hard condition of Mack's cock.

"None of them, you bastard!" Mack said with a finality that should have convinced anybody. And, why shouldn't it have sounded convincing? He had never been sucked, not even by a woman. And, he'd certainly never fucked *anyone's* asshole.

"O'Riley says a couple gays somehow slipped through your fingers," Gabe said, as if he hadn't been fooled in the least by Mack's pronouncement of innocence.

Damn that big-mouth O'Riley!

"O'Riley said that Mack Cortini wasn't so down on the queers as he sometimes pretended. Mack Cortini, it seems, has even let a couple of them go on occasion."

"If O'Riley said I ever hopped one of those faggots, he's blowing shit out of his ass!"

"Now, you know better than to imagine O'Riley would accuse his good buddy of being queer," Gabe said, clicking his tongue against his palate in mock disgust. "O'Riley was merely trying to prove to some of us that you weren't the hard-hearted sonofabitch we thought you were. I'm the one who wondered why those couple gays got turned loose while all the others got hauled off to the slammer."

"I never touched one of those kids!" Mack said. "Not a goddamn one of them!"

"I'm not too sure I believe that," Gabe said, squatting down beside Mack. "But even if it is true, you're

not going to tell me that you didn't *want* to touch them, are you?"

"You shit, I didn't want to touch them!" Mack virtually screamed. "You're the faggot! You and this kid here who goes to bed with his own uncle are the queers!"

"Bob says he almost had you talked into coming home with him and Brad."

Brad. So the uncle's name was Brad, not Bran.

"He didn't have me talked into anything!" Mack contradicted.

"Well, here you are," Gabe said, almost chuckling in the process. "And, here Bob is. And, Brad is just waiting for me to break in your ass before he will be here for sloppy seconds."

"You're disgusting!" Mack said. "You are really disgusting!"

"Bob said you were waiting for someone," Gabe said. "For me? Or, do you have a lover on the sly?"

Gabe didn't wait for an answer. He put his hand on Mack's back, gliding it downward along the groove formed by Mack's spine.

"Don't . . . Don't . . . Don't touch me!" Mack screamed. He struggled so hard that the wooden collar squeaked with the strain, the chains holding his ankles rattling against the floor.

"Why not touch you, Cortini?" Gabe asked, letting his hand rest on the swells of Mack's buttocks. It feels good, doesn't it?"

"You had better kill me, Jackson," Mack said, speaking with all the bravura he could muster. "Because if I ever get out of here alive, *I* am going to kill *you!*"

"No one is going to kill anyone," Gabe said, letting his hand run down along the curves of Mack's ass cheeks and between Mack's hairy legs. Gabe felt Mack's flesh twitching beneath his fingers. "I haven't known anyone yet who died on either end of a hard cock."

"You perverted . . . aghhh . . . aghhh . . . aghhhh!"

Gabe had taken hold of Mack's hanging balls, much like a milker might have taken hold of a cow's udder teat. He had squeezed. He now squeezed again.

"Jesus . . . bastard . . . sonofabitch'n faggot," Mack groaned. His voice was broken, breathless. A dull aching had fanned from his balls all the way into the depths of his lower body. Mack's whole being jerked; but, that jerking only increased the oozing ache inside of him.

"Just look at these cum-bulged nuts of yours, Cortini," Gabe said, rolling Mack's nuts like marbles between his fingers. "Surely you want these babies drained, don't you?"

"Pervert!" Mack cried out at the lewd, delicious sensations that were spilling through his whole body and making his flesh tingle with unwanted desire.

Gabe released Mack's scrotum, running a finger up through Mack's ass crack to center on Mack's ass pucker. Gabe bounced his fingertip against the rub-

bery anal eye.

"Jesus . . . Jackson . . . don't do this! Don't! Don't!"

Gabe removed his finger; but, he wasn't about ready to let Mack Cortini alone. Gabe knew a closet case when he saw one. And, no one was going to tell him that Cortini—butch facade or no butch facade—wasn't as gay as Gabe or Chris Wanalkon. Hell, look at this bastard's cock! Hard as a tube of steel! Mack was excited. Sure he was. He was just one of those many middle-class males who had been so steeped in what was and wasn't acceptable macho that he hadn't yet surrendered to his own inner yearnings.

Gabe moved to a kneeling position between Mack's calves. He put one hand to each of Mack's hips. He lowered his face into Mack's ass crack, licking from the small of Mack's back all the way down to Mack's pucker.

"Oooooh, God, God! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!" Mack groaned helplessly as Gabe's tongue lapped the opening of Mack's ass hole.

Mack whined with agonizing pleasure, torn between the exquisite enjoyment of Gabe's tongue on his pucker, and the shame and humiliation of knowing there *was* a definite obscene pleasure to be had from what was happening.

Gabe's mouth closed over Mack's ass hole, his rolled tongue sticking up Mack's rectum, breathing juicy spit into Mack's anus.

Mack struggled once again to get free, afraid—*God,*

how afraid!—of what Gabe was then doing to him. Mack, even then, was acutely aware of the wicked delights his traitorous body dared feel against Mack's conscious protest.

Then, realizing that whatever his protests, they were of little avail, Mack gave a groan of despair (and, yes, of desire), and surrendered himself to the lewd attack of Gabe's tongue on and in his ass hole. Mack shuddered again and again as Gabe's tongue slithered in and out of Mack's saliva-drenched rectum, as Gabe's tongue flicked at the rubbery inner anus, tasting Mack's male ass flavors.

"Oooooohhhh . . . Ooooohhhhh . . . Ooooooohhhhhh!" Mack groaned and continued to groan.

And, Gabe knew that he had Mack—butch, macho, Mark Cortini—right where he wanted him. Who in the hell had Mack been trying to fool? Himself? Yea, maybe himself. Because he wasn't fooling Gabe. Not now anyway. Not the way Mack was responding to just the feel of Gabe's tongue up his ass hole. Hell, if he was this excited by mere tongue, what would happen once he got a sample of Gabe's hard cock inside of him? The bastard would really start climbing the walls! Yea, this was going to turn out all right after all, where it could have had disastrous consequences. What would have happened if Gabe had misread all of the signs? What would have happened if Mack had really been straight, Straight, STRAIGHT? Jesus, what a mess that would have been! But, there was no chance that Mack wasn't

going to enjoy this. No chance at all! Gabe's intuitive sixth sense had not only saved him from the hullabaloo Cortini would have probably stirred up if he'd gotten to Gabe outside of that gay bar (thank God for the arrival of Brad and his nephew!), but it had, in the process, saved *Mack* from the frustration of continuing on with his present butch charade. In the end, Mack was going to be thanking Gabe for what was happening here tonight. The studly bastard might put up more protest, might actually continue to think for awhile that an anal rape was the last thing in the world he wanted. But, Mack was in for a pleasant surprise!

Satiated at last, Gabe gave Mack's ass hole one final tongueflick, then pulled out. He took his thick cock in his right hand and, still kneeling, guided his cock head through those dark hairs lining Mack's ass crease.

Mack gasped. Held his breath. Felt a combination of irrepressible desire and agonizing guilt. He fought against those delicious quiverings that were alive within his body. This was rape, wasn't it? *This was a homosexual rape, for Christ's sake. How could there be any pleasure . . . any pleasure at all!*

The actual contact of Gabe's cock head against Mack's ass pucker caused Mack's whole body to jerk with a sharp spasm of pleasure and anticipated pain.

"Oh, Christ, don't!" Mack moaned. He knew what Gabe was going to do.

God, but Gabe was going to fuck him! Gabe was actually going to stick his . . . big . . . monster . . . cock

. . . up Mack's ass hole!

"For God's sake, Jackson! Jackson! JACKSON!"

Gabe pushed his hips forward, excited by Mack's pleading. Gabe continued pushing, using his handholds on Mack's hips to hold Mack's gyrating ass in place.

Gabe felt Mack's sphincter ring beginning to roll open, Mack's anal mouth sliding slowly up along Gabe's cock head.

"Aaaaggghhhrrrrr!" Mack groaned in protest.

Oh, my God, he had a piece of male cock up his ass! He actually had a cock head enlodged firmly up his butch, virgin rectum!

"Oh, Christ, Jackson, no!" Mack pleaded, struck suddenly not so much by the surprise of having part of another male shoved inside of him (he had *known* what Gabe had been planning), as much as he was surprised by the pleasure of having that piece of male cock stuck there.

God, how could there be pleasure!

Mack gave a sudden twisting that was so violent that it actually ripped his hips free of Gabe's controlling hands and emptied Mack's bowel of Gabe's partially inserted cock.

Jesus, had he actually almost given up the fight, stayed passive while Gabe fed the rest of his stiff meatiness up Mack's bowel? Yes, damn it, he had! Thank God, he had come to his senses in time. He was a man, wasn't he? Not some queer who willingly allowed

himself to accept the burying cock stiffness of some raping pervert!

"I'm a man, goddamn it!" Mack grunted, his ass swinging wildly, his face growing redder with his struggles to pull his trapped head back through the hole it was stuck through. "You do not fuck a man's ass! You just don't! You just don't!"

"*I* do!" Gabe said, hauling off and whacking Mack's buttocks with the palm of one hand. There was the sharp sounding of flesh against flesh as Mack's ass cheeks immediately began to blush red from this latest attack. "You're a man; and, I'm a man. And, I'm going to fuck your ass." He hit Mack's buttocks again. "Fuck it." Slap. "Fuck it." Slap. "Fuck it."

"Oh . . . Jesus . . . Jesus . . . Jesus," Mack moaned, exhausted. He had about expended the last of his energy. He had no more left. But, still he tried to keep his ass moving, knowing that once it stopped (and it would eventually have to stop, wouldn't it?), his ass hole would be vulnerable. And, he would be fucked . . . would be fucked . . . would be fucked. And, Gabe kept hitting Mack's ass again . . . and again . . . and again. *God, wouldn't the bastard stop hitting? Wouldn't he please, dear God, stop?*

Gabe delivered one more slapping blow and then waited for Mack's hip movements to come to an ending. Gabe was frankly disappointed that his first attempt at a successful total entry had been thwarted, but he was willing to wait and try again. There was

plenty of time. Mack didn't have to check in until Tuesday morning; and, Gabe had decided to keep Mack right here in this very house until that time. And between Gabe, and Brad, and Bob, and Chris (oh, yes, Brad was already upstairs calling to make sure Chris got in on this fun), Mack would come away from this weekend knowing once and for all that he was gay—and that he loved being so!

Gabe waited patiently until Mack's ass ground to a stop. While he waited, he milked his cock neck of preseminal juices, slicking his cock shaft down with the discharge. To add additional wetness, he now spit in his hand, using his saliva as another liquid coating for his prick. He wanted his cock sufficiently oiled so that it could take Mack's ass with as little pain as possible. The whole purpose of this session, after all, was in proving to Mack that gay sex could be fun and exquisitely exciting.

"Ohhhhh, shit," Mack groaned. His neck hurt, his wrists hurt, his ankles hurt, his ass hurt from its beating. His rectum tingled from the stretching it had already endured beneath the momentary insertion of Gabe's now exited cock head.

What was the use? God, what was the use?

Gabe used his left hand to open the crease of Mack's buttocks, revealing the spit-drenched wrinkle of Mack's anal pucker. Gabe's right hand guided his cock head back to the recently vacated target area.

"Ohhhhh, nooooooo!" Mack moaned, feeling once

again the contact of a male cock at his male ass hole. He gave a weak bucking motion in an attempt to once again dislodge Gabe's cock; but, his resistance was weak by comparison to what it had once been. He was too tired to keep on fighting—when fighting had never been anything more than a delaying action.

With a subtle thrusting, Gabe jabbed his cock head back into Mack's pucker. Then, taking hold of Mack's hips, one to each hand, Gabe thrust his cock in even deeper.

"Aaaaaggghhrrrr!" Mack groaned in utter, degrading submission. He was exhausted at last, slowly becoming impaled on Gabe's stiff cock. Mack's ass hole seemed yawned to the point of ripping.

"You love it, don't you, Cortini?" Gage asked with a mocking leer.

Mack's whole body trembled; and, Mack told himself that it was possibly best just to grit his teeth and bear it as well as he could. He had tried to fight! God, yes, he had tried! If he was to be anally raped, it was certainly not because he hadn't tried his damnedest to stop it!

Gabe's hips flicked forward, fucking more cock deeper into Mack's trembling anus.

"Eeeeiiiii!" Mack squealed, unable to control the wailing of his pain mingled with his pleasure.

Gabe withdrew his cock back to its head, holding his knobbed cock crown poised once again at the mouth of Mack's bowel.

"You love this, don't you, Cortini?" Gabe asked, his

voice coaxing Mack to make the confession. "Come on, stud, and tell me how much you like it."

"No, I don't . . . I don't . . . I don't!" Mack moaned. *How could he possibly admit anything of the sort—even to himself—even if it were true. Which it wasn't! Which It Wasn't! WHICH IT WASN'T!*

"Want my cock, don't you?" Gabe persisted, grinning in delight at having Mack finally completely under his control.

"Oh . . . no . . . o . . . o!" Mack continued to protest.

"Tell the truth, Cortini," Gabe said, his voice holding certain aspects of a threat. "Because if you tell me the truth, I'll go about this real nice and easy. Continue to lie, however, and I might just ram my cock home without giving you any concern or mercy."

"Oh . . . pleeeeez . . . don't!" Mack pleaded, feeling somehow less of a man for allowing himself to beg. Would a real man whine, or would a real man merely accept his fate?

How could any normal man be resigned to accept the rape of his virgin ass hole?

The camera flash went off as Bob snapped another picture. Bob found this whole scene intensely erotic. His cock was a hard stiffness in his pants.

"So, tell me that you like it, Cortini. Come on, tell me. Because, you do like it, don't you? Don't you?"

"Y-Yes," Mack mumbled lowly, fearful of how Gabe's cock might feel if Gabe did decide to suddenly, without mercy, jab that hard sexual battering-ram

from its head to its cum-filled balls in one sudden thrusting. Mack's ass hole could tremble with just the man's thinking of such thoughts.

"Yes, what?" Gabe asked, his tone of voice leaving no doubt but that he knew he had Mack completely under his influence.

"Yes . . . I . . . I . . ."

"Come on, Cortini, spit it out. Why is it so fucking hard to say? Who's here to hear anyway? Just me. Just Bob. And, we both already know you're queer. Nobody else is going to hear . . . how . . . you . . . love . . . it. So, come on, say it. Say, 'Jesus, I love it!' Say it. Say it."

"Yes. Yes," Mack moaned.

"Love it?" Gabe prodded.

"Yes, love it," Mack answered, his voice low, fearing that his admission was somehow destined to be accompanied by lightning, and thunder, and damning voices from heaven.

"And, want it? Want more of my cock inside of you?"

"Yes . . . oh . . . yes . . . oh . . ." *What in the hell was he saying?* "Oh . . . noooo . . . nooooo . . . nooooooo."

"Hey, Cortini, don't cop out now, buddy. What's the point? You already admitted you love it. For Christ's sake, quit trying to fool yourself. Because, that's the only one you're fooling, you know. Only yourself."

"Jackson, let me go," Mack begged. *Yes, he actually was begging!* "Please. I promise I won't say a word about this to anyone. I promise. You have my word as a man. You have my word as a policeman."

"Tell me that you want my cock," Gabe said, apparently oblivious to Mack's pleadings for mercy.

"No, Jackson, no!"

"Cop-out, Cortini: that's what it is! You're only trying to back out of an admission you've already made."

"I'm not queer, Jackson. Goddamn it, I'm not a faggot!"

"You're going to get my cock," Gabe said. "You're going to get it hard and fast; or, you're going to get it slow and easy. Take your pick. But, make your decision soon. Because, my whole cock is anxious as hell for the feel of your spasmodically gripping ass hole wrapping around it."

As if in emphasis of his point, Gabe contracted his genital muscle so that his corona momentarily ballooned even larger up Mack's ass hole.

"Slow, Jackson . . . for Christ's sake do it slow," Mack moaned, shuddering with this humiliating disgusting need to beg; shuddering with the thought of how a forceful entrance of Gabe's cock might somehow damage Mack's tender, virgin bowel.

"Say 'Please!' And, make it sound like you mean it."

"Please, Jackson."

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me slow. Please fuck me slow."

Mack's head lolled forward in abject humiliation and shame as he realized he had submitted so completely to Jackson's degrading demands. But now that he had submitted, now that he had finally realized

that he had completely succumbed, there was a kind of mysterious lifting of a burden from his shoulders. Half the battle had really been in just being able to admit to himself that he really had no other way out other than the way Gabe had mapped out for him.

"Fuck me, Jackson. Please fuck me. Fuck me slow. Fuck me deep. Skewer my ass hole with your hot, cop cock!"

"That's more like it," Gabe said, his hands tightening on Mack's hips, his hips beginning a slow, forceful fucking push. "Sure . . as . . . hell, Cortini . . . that . . . is . . . more . . . more . . . more . . . like it."

"Aaaaaggh!" Mack moaned as the pressure became too heavy.

There was a sudden swelling of pain that seemed to become unbearable, making Mack writhe and jerk, where Mack had thought for sure all of his energy had been previously drained from him. This time, however, Gabe held tight to Mack's bucking body, determined not to be frustrated again, determined to know the ecstasy of having his cock rammed to his cum-bulged nuts up Mack's tightly clutching ass hole.

Mack's buttocks thrashed from side to side, doing its best to escape the nail of hard phallic flesh that was so determined to pierce it. But, Mack's frantic writhings only succeeded in driving Gabe's hotly pulsating penis all the more deeply in between Mack's muscled ass cheeks.

Mack's sphincter was being pressed open. Oh . . .

God . . . it hurt . . . it hurt . . . it hurt!

The head of Gabe's cock continued to stretch Mack's anal muscles with pulverizing insistence, jamming into Mack's defenseless ass hole.

"Oh God!" Mack yelled. "It hurts! It hurts!"

Mack no longer felt human. His anus, he felt, was being ripped; and, there was nothing he could do about it. With a final groan of helpless surrender, Mack relaxed his ass muscles, feeling his rectum filling with more and more of Gabe's steadily penetrating penis.

"That's better, Cortini. Relax. Relax. Just relax and enjoy it."

And even as Gabe was speaking, Mack could feel a gradual change taking place up his rectum. His anus was somehow adjusting to the length and to the girth of Gabe's large cock.

As Mack's agony receded, it was replaced by strange and vibrant thrillings that began to build stronger and stronger. And while Mack doubted that the pain would ever leave him entirely, the growing pleasure certainly made the agony a hell of a lot more bearable.

"Ahhhhhh!" Gabe sighed in triumph as the last of his cock drove home. He punctuated with a small circular movement of his pelvis which made sure there was no more of his cock left free of Mack's ass hole.

The camera flash went off.

"I just got a picture of the ultimate bliss registered on Mr. Cortini's face just then," Bob commented, wishing his cock and not Gabe's was then rammed up

Mack's bowel. *Oh, well, there would be plenty of time for him later.* For now, Bob would just keep on taking pictures; although, it must have been obvious to everyone—Mack Cortini included—that the pictures were no longer going to be necessary.

"Ugh!" Mack groaned when Gabe's cock began a partial withdrawal. "Ugh!" he groaned when Gabe's cock again slid inside. "Ugh . . . ugh . . . ugh . . . ugh . . ."

Gabe begun fucking in earnest; and, Mack was vaguely surprised to find that his pain was almost completely gone. If he didn't know better, he might have actually admitted to enjoying the slip and the slide of Gabe's cock inside his spit-and preseminal-lubricated ass hole.

Gabe continued thrusting his cock solidly inside of Mack's rectum; and, by now the walls of Mack's bowel were completely accustomed to Gabe's penile thickness.

"Ahhh . . . aghhh . . . ohhh!" Mack continued to grunt out beneath Gabe's incessant fucking rhythm. But, the sounds were more the result of pleasure now than of anything else.

Was he really enjoying? Jesus, was he really? Had Gabe been right all along? Was this really what Mack had wanted all of his life but had never had the guts to try because of age-old—and archaic—taboos against male-male sex?

"No . . . no . . . no," Mack grunted, trying to convince himself that there really was no pleasure. But, it was

useless to try and continue with the lie in face of the exquisite ecstasy so thoroughly rising to take complete control of his very being. "No . . . o . . . o . . . y . . . ye . . . yes . . . yes . . . Yes . . . YES . . ."

YES . . . YES . . . YES . . .

"Aaagghrrriii!" Mack groaned loudly as he unexpectedly felt the fisting of Gabe's right hand over his swollen cock meatiness.

Gabe, without having missed a fuck stroke of his cock within Mack's anus, had reached beneath Mack's belly and grabbed hold of Mack's cock. As Gabe's hips now pumped, Gabe's hand now masturbated that massive stiffness jutting from Mack's crotch. Mack's cock was quickly growing sticky with Mack's own profuse oozings of preseminal discharge.

Mack was suddenly enjoying as he had never before thought possible. Mack's body bucked around Gabe's filling penis, no longer afraid, no longer in pain. For Mack, nothing suddenly mattered except for the solid prick plugging his ass, except for the slime-juiced fist pumping his turgid hunk of erect manhood.

Mack's gripping ass hole was squeezing, crushing, pressing, milking Gabe's hard blood-engorged cock.

Mack was on the verge of an orgasm. And, he was unable to stop himself. Relentless tensions were winding inside of his quivering belly as the ultimate ending became only a mere second away.

It was Gabe, however, who ended up orgasming first. He threw back his head, his dilated eyes unable

to successfully focus on the ceiling. He opened his mouth. He thrust his entire penis length and circumference as deeply into Mack's ass as he could possibly shove it.

"I'm . . . uhhhhh . . . uhhh . . . I'm . . . going to come!" Gabe gasped in warning. "Yes, yes, I'm . . . Jesus I'm . . . uhhh . . . CUMMMMMIIIINNNGGGGG UUUUHHHHHAHHHH!"

Torrents of Gabe's burning sperm spouted from the tip of Gabe's insanely jerking cock, surging through Mack's ass tube like a fire raging through a tinder-dry forest.

Mack felt the hot spurts that were jettisoning into his spasming anus. Mack's penis trembled and lurched as Gabe somehow managed, even during his orgasm, to continue his pump . . . pump . . . pump . . . of Mack's cock.

And suddenly, cock up his ass, his cock squeezed and jerked in Gabe's fingers, Mack was himself over the top. The most massive orgasm Mack had ever known rumbled to overtake and consume him.

"AAAAYYYYEEEIIIII LOVE IT! LOVE IT! LOVE IT!" Mack screamed, grinding his ass over Gabe's still-spewing cock, torquing his prick in Gabe's cum-webbed fingers.

And, Mack did love it. He really did. How, as a matter of fact, could he have ever been so fucking foolish as to deny himself this ultimate sexual ecstasy for so long?

CHAPTER TWELVE

"So, what's the problem?" Chris asked as soon as the door was opened for him. "You really sounded worried over the phone."

"Did I?" Brad asked, rolling his eyes and giving a shrug as if to say: *Funny I should have sounded worried; everything is fine.*

Brad stepped back, letting Chris enter the house. Chris hadn't missed noticing that Brad was wearing a robe, without much—if anything—on underneath.

"Glad you could make it, Chris," Gabe said, appear-

ing suddenly in the vestibule, Bob following in his wake. Both Gabe and Bob were wearing only robes, also.

"Let me guess: you've invited me to a slumber party? And, I thought there was really some kind of trouble brewing. Hell, I almost made an excuse to sign out early just to get here. I didn't even go by the apartment to change. And, look what I find."

"What is it you find?" Gabe asked with innocent curiosity. Then he added with a definite air of mystery. "I'll bet you, you don't even know."

"What in the hell is this?" Chris asked, turning to Brad.

"Don't get upset, Chris," Brad soothed. "Things were a bit hairy when I called; but, as it happens, things turned out quite nicely since then."

"And, we've got one hell of a surprise for you, too, stud," Gabe said.

"What kind of a surprise?" Chris asked. He really wasn't at all sure he shouldn't be really ticked off. What in the hell had these guys been playing, some kind of practical joke? Brad had been just a bit vague—if seemingly genuinely nervous—over the phone. But he didn't seem nervous now.

"Come see for yourself," Gabe said.

They all four headed for the living room.

Surprise was the understatement of the year! There was just no way Chris had expected to find Mack Cortini (in a robe no less!), sitting in Brad Langly's liv-

ing room.

"Cortini?" Chris asked, his surprise more than evident, his question more than a little superfluous. There was no doubting the fact that it *was* Mack Cortini all right.

"Now, tell me you're not surprised?" Gabe said with an accompanying laugh.

"Maybe one of you had better back up a little and start at the beginning," Chris suggested.

"I think you might be more interested if you heard what Brad, Bob, and I heard a few minutes before you got here," Gabe said. He turned to Mack who was still sitting. "Go ahead, Cortini. Tell Chris here what you said you had in mind for him once he got here."

Chris looked form Cortini to Gabe and then back to Cortini. *Was Cortini blushing?*

WHAT IN THE FUCK WAS GOING ON HERE?

"Go on, Cortini, tell him," Gabe insisted. "I want you all to see the look on Chris' face when he hears the news."

Mack cleared his throat. He cleared it again. He still couldn't get over the fact that Chris was gay. Jesus, but Mack would have never suspected Chris in a million years! Mack still wasn't sure Chris was gay yet.

"Go on, Cortini, go on," Gabe encouraged.

"Well," Mack said, giving Chris a silly grin, wondering if he was really going to be able to get this out. *Oh, hell, what did he have to lose?* "I was just commenting

on how I guess I have always wanted to suck that big fat cock of yours from the very first time I saw it."

"You what?" Chris asked, stunned. There was no way—NO WAY—he could have heard what he thought he had just heard! Certainly not from the mouth of Mack Cortini! "What?"

"See!" Gabe said with a definite sounding of hardly controlled glee. "Look at that expression of disbelief on Chris' handsome face, will you? Didn't I tell you he would be shocked?" Gabe turned to Chris. "Mack here thought that if I had figured out he was gay, then everybody on the force had it figured out, too. I told him that notion was a crock of bullshit."

"Wait a minute! Wait a fucking minute!" Chris protested. Things were just coming at him too hard and fast for him to handle. "Cortini gay?"

"One of the boys," Gabe said with smug satisfaction.

"You're really gay?" Chris asked, this aimed at Mack. He still didn't believe it.

"Although I guess I never thought I'd be admitting it, yea, I suppose I am."

"You are seeing here a cop finally out of his closet," Gabe said, "at least as far as a few of his close friends are concerned."

"Jesus, I think I'd better sit down," Chris said, shaking his head in continued disbelief.

"Sit, hell!" Gabe challenged. "We've all been resting up for your arrival and sure as hell don't mean to hold off any longer now that you're here. So, why don't you

unzip those butch police uniform trousers of yours and let Mack here give a try at swinging over your hard cock? We've all been giving him a few lessons just in preparation for the taking of your monster."

"You *are* kidding?"

"Hell, no!" Gabe said with a laugh. "Here, I'll show you what I've got in mind for all of us. Bob, get yourself naked and lie down on the floor, face-up."

Bob peeled off his robe and went to the floor.

"Mack, you get down on your knees, straddling Bob's head and facing his feet. Chris, you walk on over and move into position so that Mack can get at that luscious cock of yours while Bob is busy sucking on Mack's prick possum-style. And, get those pants of yours unzipped, buddy. You're wasting precious time."

In somewhat of a daze, Chris found himself doing as instructed. He came toward the kneeling Mack, having to keep one foot to each side of the supine Bob.

Mack was grinning sheepishly, anxiously awaiting the moment Chris would pull his large cock into view.

"Brad, you can fuck Mack's ass from the rear, dog-style."

"And you?" Brad asked, dropping his robe, hot and erect at the thought of stuffing this butch policeman's ass.

"I'm going to play voyeur this time around," Gabe said, opening his robe and dropping in a nearby chair. His swollen prick jutted up from his belly. Gabe grab-

bed hold of his cock neck and started a languid pumping of it.

Chris' fumbling fingers (God, why was he so clumsy?), had opened his fly. He was now trying to pry his thickening stiffness out through the breach.

Mack was assaulted from two points at once. First, Bob, his hands wrapping Mack's hips, pulled his face up to begin a hearty sucking of Mack's cock. Then, Brad put his pulpy cock head to Mack's ass and began shoving home.

"Aaagghhhh!" Mack groaned, his body surging with the pleasure. Then, perturbed at Chris' slowness in freeing his cock, Mack slapped away Chris' hands and expertly (exceptionally expertly for a novice), pulled Chris' prick out himself.

"There it is in all its glory, stud," Gabe said from his chair, pausing in his masturbatory movements to rub some of his preseminal liquid to a veneering on his rubbery cock dome. "Have at it, Cortini. It's all yours, with all of our blessings."

Mack opened his mouth and sucked up a good portion of Chris' cock, marveling at how he didn't even choke on it (he'd choked on Gabe's cock the first time). As he sucked for even more of Chris' hard prick, Mack felt Brad's cock slipping to its balls up his anus and felt Bob's mouth swallowing up all of Mack's cock to his fat cock roots.

JESUS CHRIST, WHAT . . . A . . . WAY . . . TO . . . GO!

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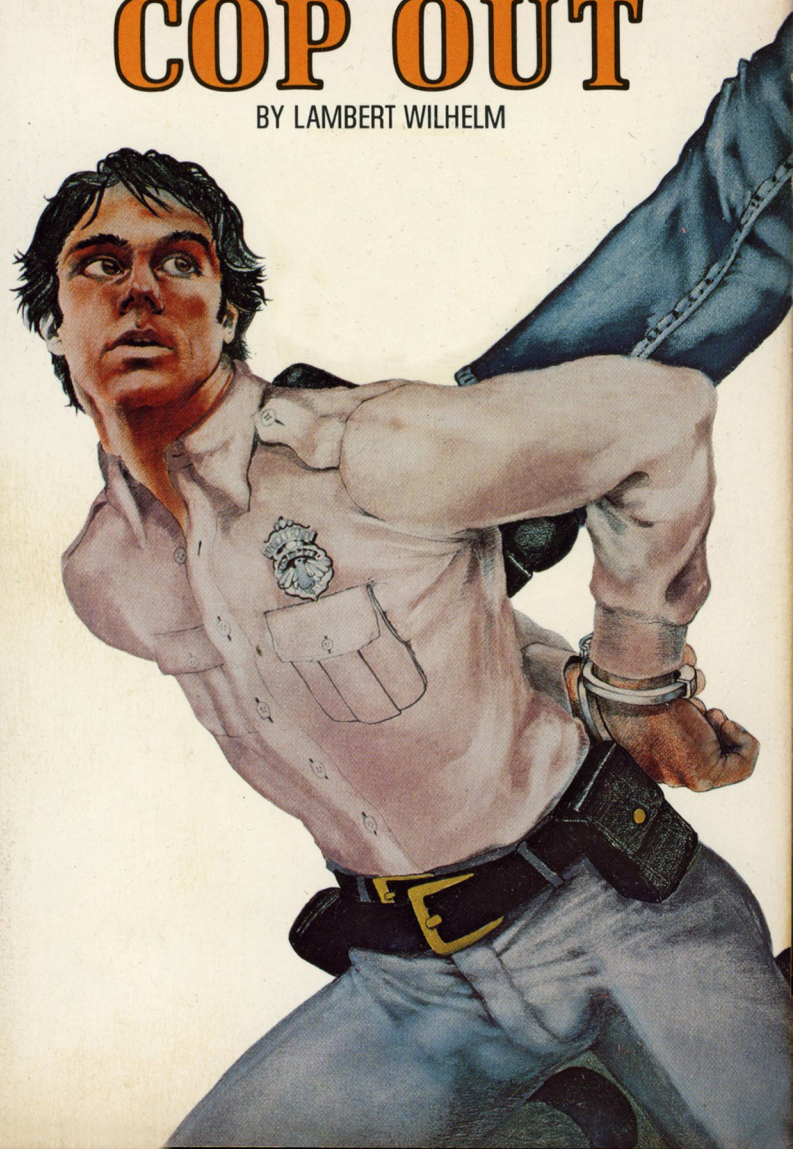
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